

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



MCVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER



By Appointment Cyder makers to
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Attleborough & London



Gaymer's CYDER

Preferred by people of good taste

The best fabrics in the world

by **Jacqmar**

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1

GREYS are great CIGARETTES

HE'S A **POLLYGAMIST**

a POLLYGAMIST is a man who is wedded to 'Polly'
because it makes the liveliest partner for "Scotch".

Apollinaris

Natural Sparkling Water — bottled at the Spring.



By Appointment
Toilet Soap Makers
to the late King George VI

Fine English Soaps

in the

Bronnley

Tradition

*Make friends
with
Martell*
COGNAC

THREE STAR

CORDON BLEU

TANZARO



finest fruit squash

JEWSBURY & BROWN LTD. MANCHESTER 12

Q 26

MOTOR UNION

INSURANCE CO. LTD.

All Classes of Insurance Transacted

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.



The best reason in the world...



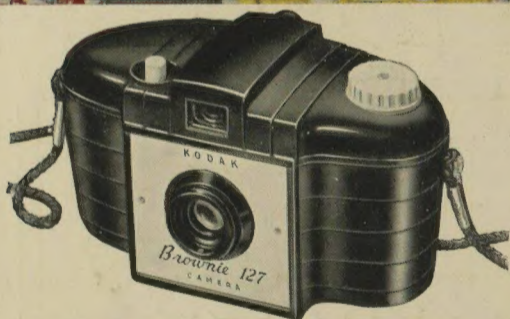
for having

a new

KODAK

camera

THE snaps you take in these exciting Coronation days you will want to keep all your life. Make sure they live up to the great occasion — take them with a new 'Kodak' camera. Every model in the fine range below will give you years of happy snapshotting. Choose your camera now. Then see it at your Kodak dealer's.



KODAK 'BROWNIE' 127 Camera

New in design, new in value, this smart miniature style camera is built to fit your hand. Eye-level viewfinder. Press button shutter release on top of camera. For eight $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x $1\frac{3}{8}$ " snaps on 127 film.

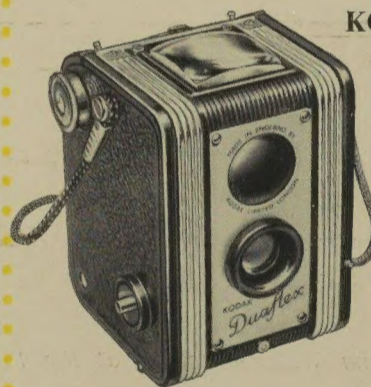
Only 24/6d. inc. tax.



£3.6 3 inc. tax.

'BROWNIE' REFLEX Camera

Crystal clear, hooded viewfinder almost as big as the snap itself. Plunger type shutter release designed to prevent camera shake. Everything in focus from 5 ft. to infinity. Synchronised for flash pictures*. Lovely black morocco and satin chrome finish. Takes twelve $1\frac{3}{8}$ " x $1\frac{3}{8}$ " snaps on 127 film.



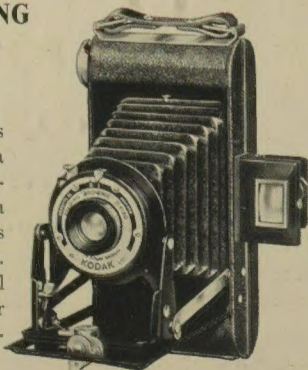
£3.19.6 inc. tax.

KODAK 'DUAFLUX' Camera

A winner for picture quality and easy operation. Big brilliant reflex viewfinder to help you choose the best viewpoint. Smooth acting shutter to keep your pictures sharp. Synchronised for flash pictures*. Everything sharp from 6 ft. to infinity. For twelve $2\frac{1}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{4}$ " pictures on 620 film.

SIX-20 FOLDING 'BROWNIE' Camera

All the advantages of a folding camera plus the sturdy reliability of a 'Brownie'. Opens for use in a moment. Efficient eye-level viewfinder. For eight $3\frac{1}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{4}$ " pictures on 620 film.

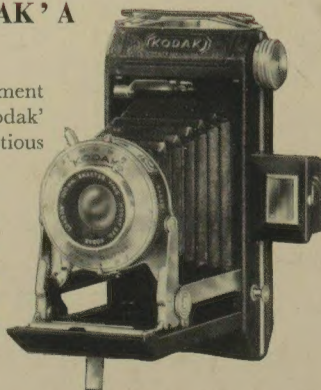


With Meniscus lens £5.6.0 inc. tax.

With f6.3 lens and built-in flash contacts* £7.19.0 inc. tax.

SIX-20 'KODAK' A Camera

A high grade instrument with top quality 'Kodak' Lens, for more ambitious picture-taking. Built-in flash contacts* and press button shutter release on camera body. Takes eight $3\frac{1}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{4}$ " pictures on 620 film.



With f6.3 'Anastar' lens £9.12.2 inc. tax.

With f4.5 'Anastar' lens £17.4.6 inc. tax.

* Accessory Flashholder for snaps indoors and at night 31/2d. inc. tax.

They come out best
on **KODAK**
film



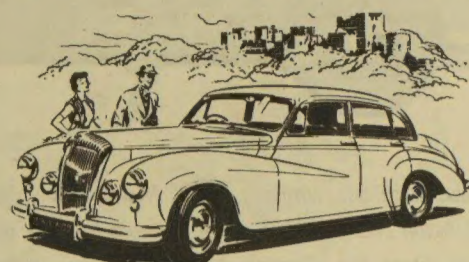
'Kodak' and 'Brownie' are Registered Trade Marks

KODAK LIMITED • KODAK HOUSE • KINGSWAY • LONDON • W.C.2

OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE!



BY APPOINTMENT
The Daimler Co. Limited
Motor Car Manufacturers
to the late King George VI



Perfect town manners. Quiet and obedient to the touch, compact and maneuverable for parking, the CONQUEST is the car for the man with business in town or the woman with shopping to do.

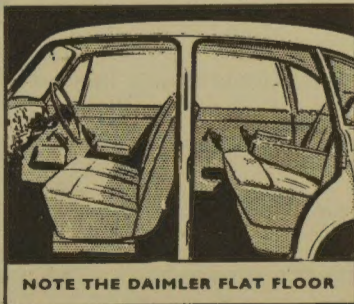
Magnificent country performance. Its pace makes it invaluable equally for cross-country business trips and sports meetings, weekends and tours. Try out the CONQUEST at your nearest Daimler dealer.

Enter the dashing new Daimler CONQUEST

AN OVER-80 MPH CAR LISTED AT ONLY £1066 (plus £445.5.10 P.T.)

The CONQUEST—sleek, luxurious, fast—is a brilliant combination of Daimler dignity and 2½ litre dash. Its magnificent speed has been made possible by greatly improving its power/weight ratio. It brings a true aristocrat into the medium price range.

The CONQUEST has elegance for town, speed for country, and a spaciousness that belies its medium size and makes it a really useful family car. Four travel in luxury—five in ease—on seats deeply upholstered in soft leather. The floor, from front to back, is flat and unobstructed, and the luggage compartment is 3 ft. deep and over 4 ft. wide.



NOTE THE DAIMLER FLAT FLOOR

THE LUXURY OF FLUID TRANSMISSION

To drive the CONQUEST is a new experience in effortless enjoyment. The curved windscreen and rear window give wide vision front and back. Laminated torsion bars and adjustable telescopic shock absorbers

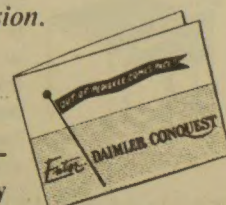
positively deny the existence of bad road surfaces and sharp bends. But the height of driving luxury comes from the unique Daimler feature of fluid flywheel transmission* coupled with a pre-selector gearbox, giving a smooth gear-change that has to be experienced to be believed.

PRINCIPAL TECHNICAL FEATURES

- ★ Engine—6 cylinder O.H.V.; 75 h.p. (21 h.p., R.A.C. rating). Petrol consumption 23 m.p.g. (at constant 50 m.p.h.)
- ★ Transmission by fluid flywheel and pre-selector gearbox.
- ★ Automatic chassis lubrication.
- ★ Girling brakes on 11" drums with area of 148 sq. ins.
- ★ Full flow oil filter in the engine lubrication system reduces engine wear.
- ★ Laminated torsion bar independent front suspension.

*Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents

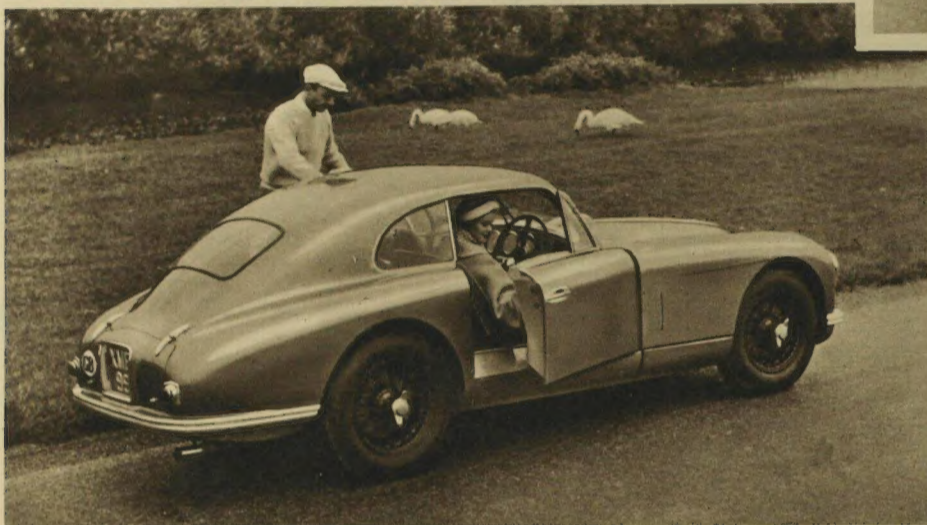
This fully descriptive broadsheet is available free on request to The Daimler Co. Ltd., Bureau 10, Coventry



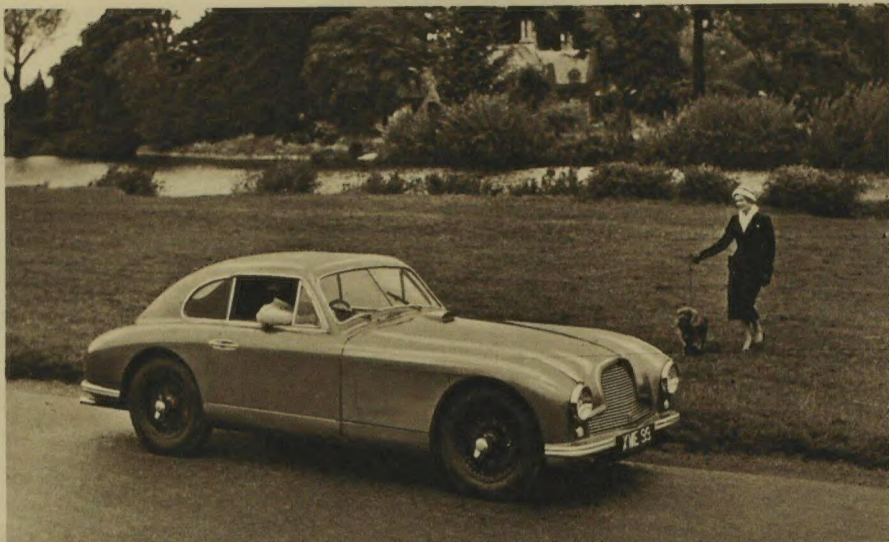


Those brilliant winners of le Mans and other International events, the Aston Martin DB.2's are a lively feature of our Home roads these days. Here Mr. George Abbecassis, the racing driver, demonstrates his car to Miss June Burt who wants to drive a really fast, really luxurious sports car. She learns that the DB.2 is delightfully easy to handle, flexible in traffic, ready at any moment to accelerate smoothly and leave the 100 m.p.h. mark well behind. It's a thrilling car to drive, not least because of its masterly road holding qualities and safe cornering at speed.

LADIES' SUIT AND COAT BY JACOMAR. HAT BY MADGE CHARD



From le Mans TO RUNNYMEDE



THE PERFORMANCE IS ASTONISHING, whether considered in acceleration, high speed cruising, fast cornering, braking or in economy of petrol consumption.

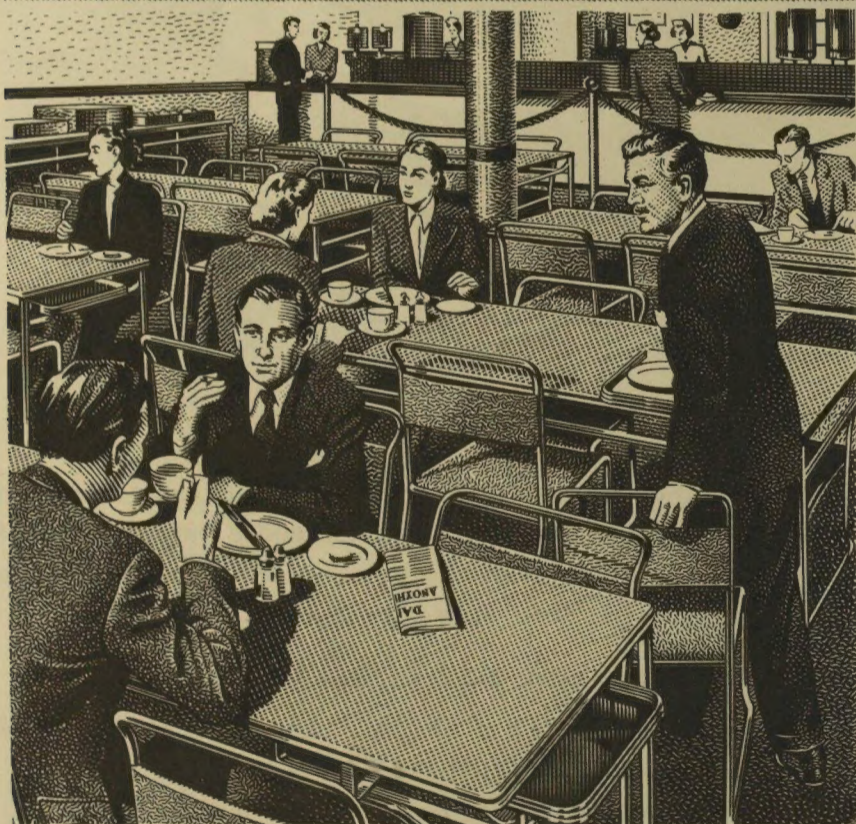


DB 2

THE RACE-BRED LUXURY SPORTS CAR

ASTON MARTIN LTD · FELTHAM · MIDDLESEX
London Showrooms: 103 New Bond Street, London, W.1

A DAVID BROWN COMPANY





PEL —for the factory canteen



Equip a canteen with Pel nesting chairs and tables and you solve many problems in one. Pel furniture is good to look at, comfortable to use and easy to keep scrupulously clean. It stacks away in next to no space. The strong tubular steel frames are rust-proofed by a special process before stove-enamelling, to give a long, economical, trouble-free life.

Write for leaflet illustrating full range.

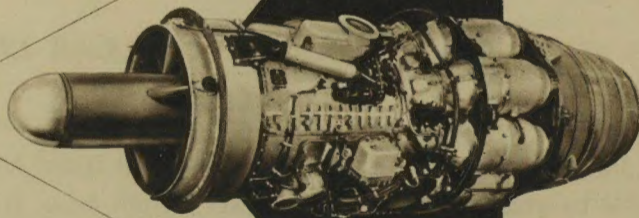
PEL

MADE BY  LTD · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM · A  COMPANY
LONDON SHOWROOMS: 15, HENRIETTA PLACE, W.1

GLASGOW OFFICE: 50 WELLINGTON STREET, C.2. BATH OFFICE: 7 NORTH PARADE, BATH

TBW/cl

PROGRESS



Already the Avon engine has progressed from the basic RA.2, with its initial thrust of 6,000 lb., through the RA.3 to the 7,500 lb. thrust RA.7 with full anti-icing and the RA.7R, re-heat, of 9,500 lb. thrust.

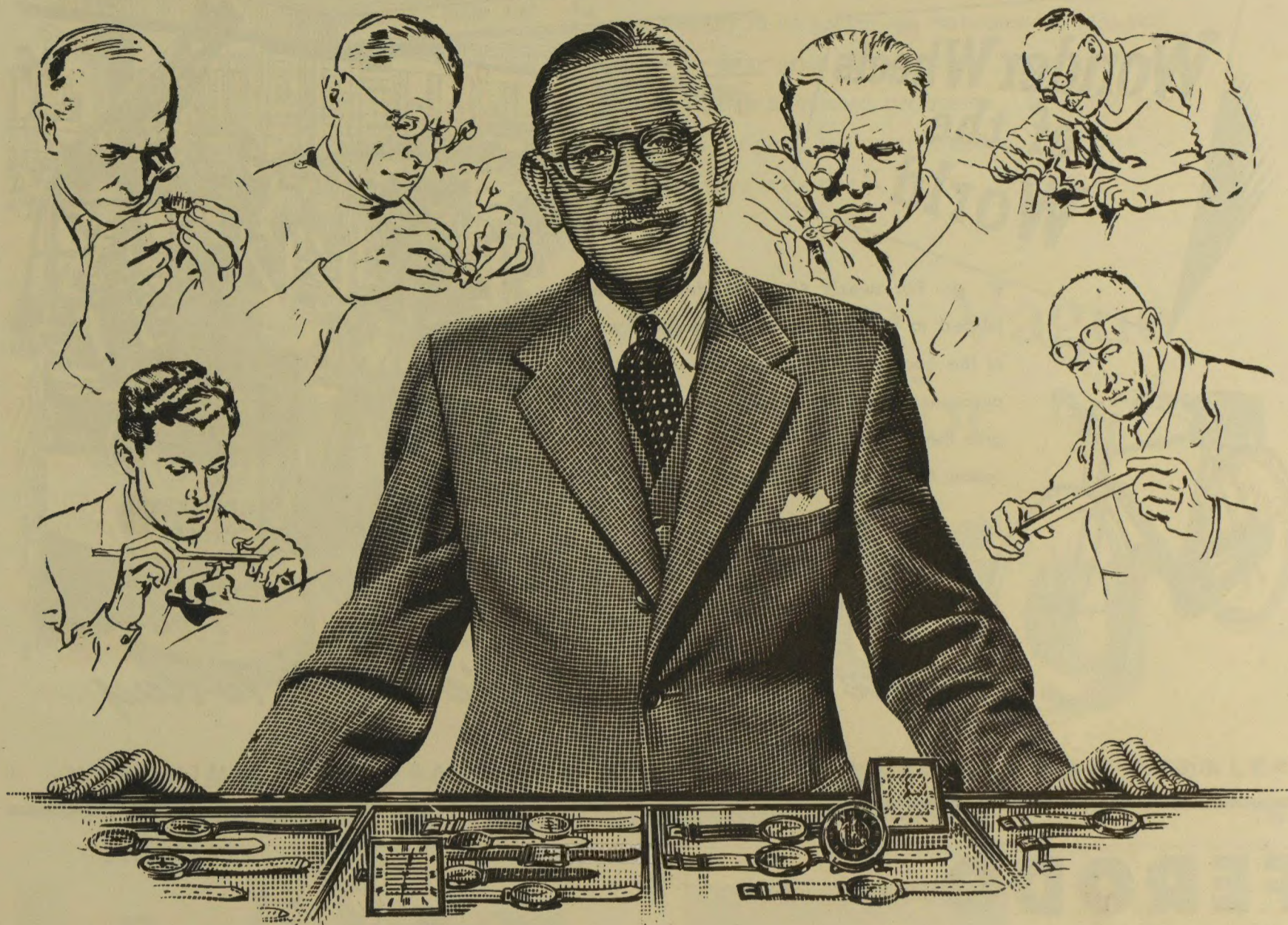
Avon engines have already flown over 40,000 hours.



ROLLS-ROYCE
Aero
ENGINES

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, DERBY

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

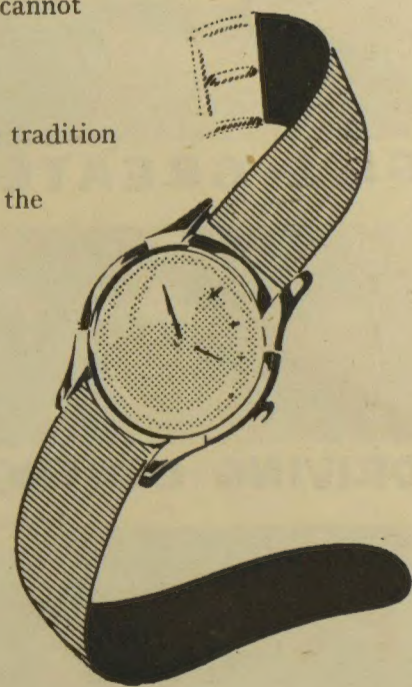
*There are 50,000 experts at your jeweller's*

Do you think of your jeweller as just a man in a shop? He is much more than that. Although you cannot see them, there are 50,000 experts at his elbow ready and keen to help him help you.

These 50,000 are the expert craftsmen of the Swiss watch industry. Three centuries of watchmaking tradition have bred in them that instinctive skill and meticulous accuracy which make Swiss watches renowned the world over.

The Swiss watch industry, which fashions these fine jewelled-lever watches with such skilful care, is anxious to ensure that only skilful and careful people should handle them as they pass from the maker to the wearer. That is why these 50,000 craftsmen give their help, their advice and their support only to the qualified jeweller. That is why no one but your jeweller can explain to you which are the good watches — can help you choose wisely — can ensure you efficient service when you need it.

Choose a good Swiss watch at your jeweller's and have 50,000 experts at your service.



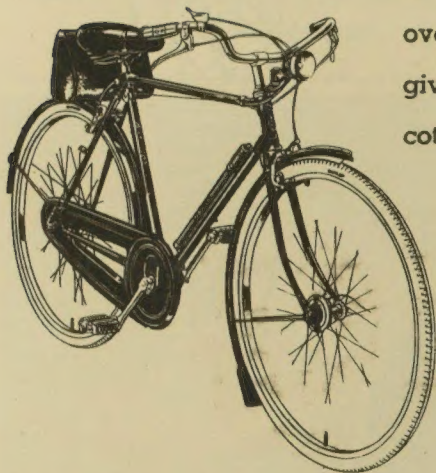
Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

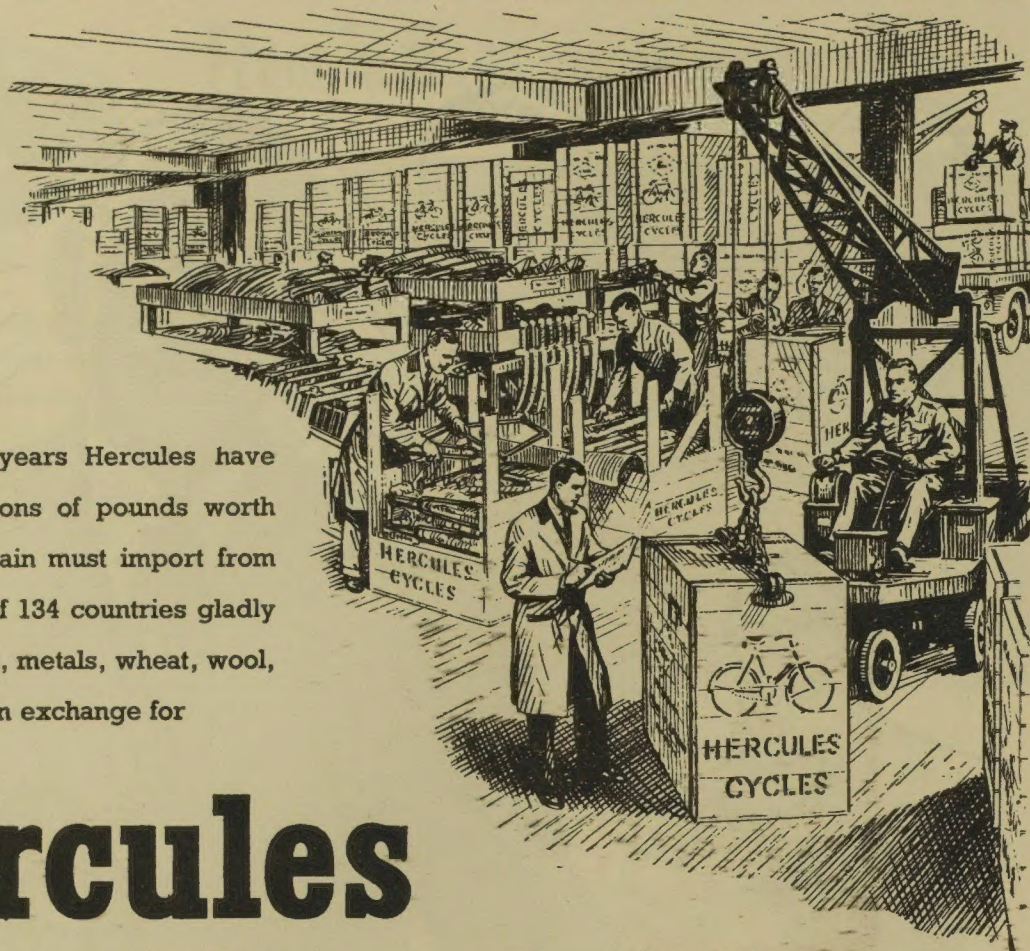
Wonder Wheels of the World



For nearly 40 years Hercules have helped to pay for millions of pounds worth of the goods which Britain must import from overseas. The people of 134 countries gladly give their raw materials, metals, wheat, wool, cotton, timber and fruit in exchange for

Hercules

The Finest Bicycle Built To-day



THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM, 6

H 199

FERODO

THE ANTI - FADE BRAKE LININGS



GIVE GREATER



DRIVING CONTROL



Have you noticed that you have to press your brake pedal further down just lately? If so, you'll be wise to have your brakes checked at your local garage displaying this sign. When a re-line is necessary—insist on

FERODO
BRAKE LININGS

Motor cars, if driven in a certain way, sometimes get a little hot under the brake drums. Quite often to the tune of 300° centigrade! Spare a thought then, for the brake linings which continue to be pressed, quite deliberately, against such spiteful heat. It's easy to understand why linings, under such conditions sometimes fade or lose efficiency. Ferodo Limited, who are always researching into this and testing that, produce anti-fade brake linings that will give you more efficient braking . . . you'll find you have greater control of your car whatever the driving conditions, which means increased safety for you and your passengers. Your guarantee that genuine Ferodo anti-fade linings have been fitted is the orange and black label which the garage will attach to your steering wheel after a re-line.

** When did you
last have your
brakes tested?*

FERODO LTD · CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH
A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation



Which stockbroker has made a good investment?

EQUITIES MAY WEAKEN, tin fluctuate, rubber fall, but the stockbroker on the left (as you may see from the aerial on his car) has made one investment that gains in value every day: his "H.M.V." Car Radio. On business trips it banishes loneliness and shortens every mile. At weekends, a car full of children is no longer a distraction: the radio

holds their attention right to the end of the ride. The driver can concentrate on his driving. It makes him more alert, more considerate—a safer* person to drive with. 'H.M.V.' Car Radio is exclusively fitted and recommended by the makers of 24 famous British cars—and could easily be fitted to your own.

*Boredom—as well as distractions—can divert attention from the road.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" CAR RADIO

MARKETED BY

SMITHS **R**adiomobile

S. SMITH & SONS (RADIOMOBILE) LTD.
GOODWOOD WORKS, NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD, LONDON, N.W.2

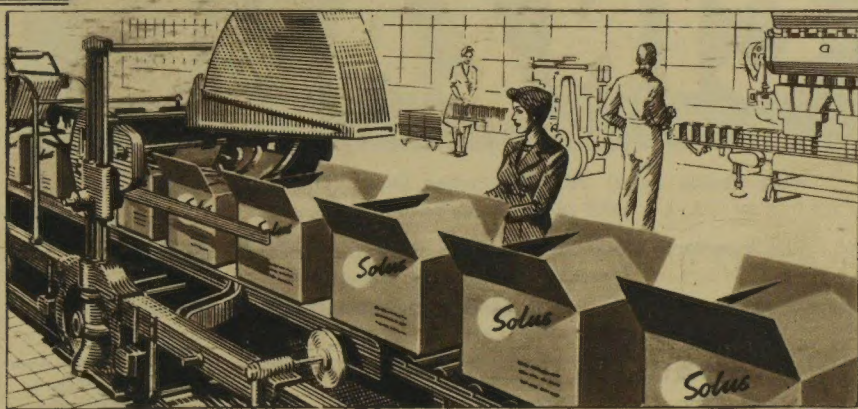
Scotch Whisky in its golden age embodies the rare skill possessed by those great Houses whose names guarantee perfection and distinguished preference. It is the one spirit that is "right" for every occasion. So stick to Scotch—and give it a name . . .



Don't be Vague ask for Haig

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

Packed right in "Fiberite"!



If goods are worth making and worth advertising, they are worthy of good packing! Manufacturers whose trade-marks are household words realise this and pack their products in "FIBERITE" cases. Thus they increase their prestige, but packing costs stay low. Yes, it pays to let the "FIBERITE" trade-mark give your goods the hall-mark of good packing.

Registered **"FIBERITE"** Trade-mark
PACKING CASES

THAMES BOARD MILLS LIMITED
PURFLEET • ESSEX

Manufacturers of "THAMES BOARD" for cartons and other uses; "FIBERITE" Packing Cases; "ESSEX" Wallboard



HERE

ERE, at the Old

Bond Street showrooms of Hunt & Roskell, the unsurpassed collection of rings is a matter of especial pride. You may choose, at your leisure, from the widest range of designs, stones of fine quality in the most exquisite settings. And, whatever may be the object of your search—modestly priced or frankly magnificent—you may be certain of the real worth and beauty that distinguishes the work of the craftsman in jewellery. Our ring catalogue will be sent on request.

J W Benson
In association with LTD
Hunt & Roskell
Court Jewellers LTD

25 OLD BOND STREET • LONDON W.1



Very, very GOOD SHOES

In quiet manly styles and most excellent leathers. Miles better than shoes costing only a little less.

Health Brand
SHOES

MU 815 Black or brown calf
in a full range of fittings

79/9

Leaflet and address of your nearest stockist sent on request to Dept. N.2

CROCKETT & JONES LIMITED · NORTHAMPTON

CVS-48



Nigel Patrick
discovers
the smoother gin!



Evening Mr. Patrick, your friend's not here yet.



Knew she'd be late. I'll have a quick gin.



You'll like this Curtis Gin. It's rather special.



Hmm. It is good.
Nice and smooth.

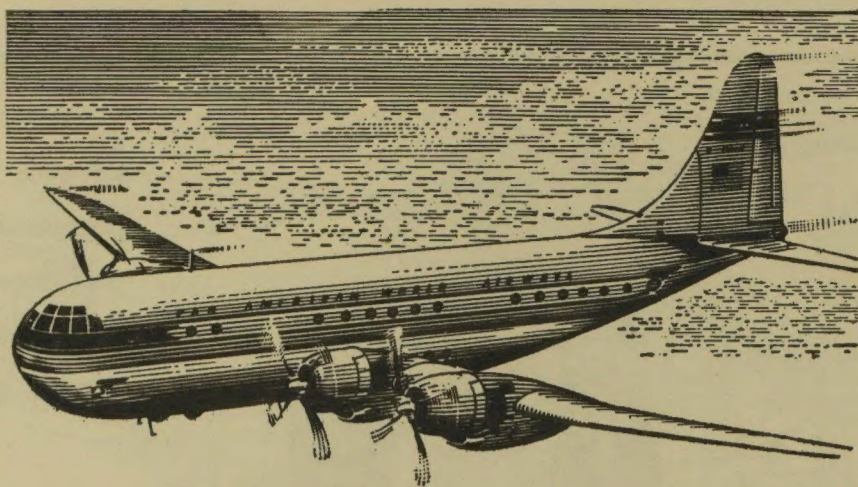
CASK MATURING MAKES CURTIS SMOOTHER
Curtis is matured in cask. There it becomes more gracious... more mellow... in fact "smoother". So ask for Curtis Gin — you'll like it better.

"CLEAR" AND "OLD GOLD"
in bottles, half bottles, six nip or three nip flasks.

Curtis Gin



Ah! There you are.
Try this Curtis Gin.



WORLD'S LARGEST PASSENGER AIR LINER...

THE 'Boeing Stratocruiser' holds pride of place as the world's largest airliner. With a complement of 60 passengers, this four engine giant of the skies, weighing more than sixty tons, cruises at a speed of 320 m.p.h. 6 miles above the ocean. When the 'Stratocruiser' touches down, on either side of the Atlantic, passengers will find prominently displayed everywhere, Cinzano — product of the World's Largest Producers of Vermouth.

Cinzano has an extra quality and a finer flavour than other vermouths — consequently, people the world over drink more Cinzano than any other Vermouth.



Try Cinzano yourself — on its own or with gin. You'll enjoy its delicious extra quality.



WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF VERMOUTH

CINZANO

RED (Italian Sweet) WHITE (Italian Sweet) 17/- Bottle, 9/- ½-Bottle
DRY (French) 18/- Bottle, 9/6 ½-Bottle

Sole Importers: GIORDANO LTD. 24/26 CHARLOTTE STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephones: MUSEum 2893, MUSEum 7274

The ALL BRITISH

Conway Stewart

*The finest Pens,
the Greatest Value...*

OTHER
MODELS

N° 60 35/-
N° 27 25/9
N° 28 24/6
N° 388 21/-
N° 75 15/9
DINKIE 13/4

N° 58
30/-

N° 84
19/-



The Pen with the Marvellous Nib!

CONWAY STEWART & CO. LTD. LONDON



If Daddy's a BP Superman - what are you?

I'm a BP Super fan, too.

Why are you?

Because I like motoring in comfort, without a lot of gear-changing.

What's your favourite gear?

Top! BP Super lets us stay in top much longer.

What does BP Super do, Mummy?

BP Super banishes pinking.

That's why I'm filling up with it now.

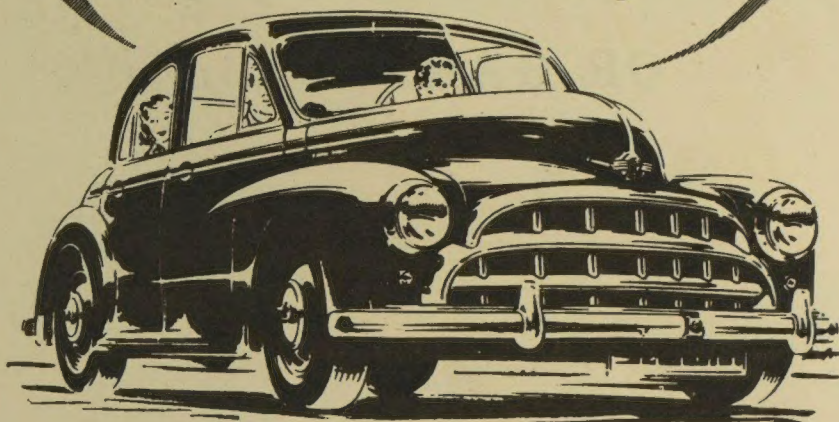


BP is the trade-mark of
ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD.,
whose world-wide resources are behind it.

You'll be glad you bought a

"Quality First"

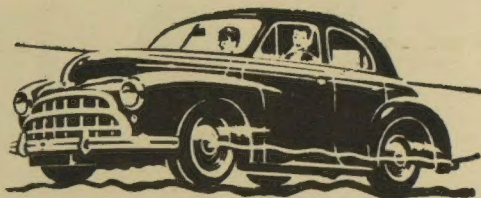
MORRIS *Oxford*



All you look for in a car

PERFORMANCE

High cruising speeds are maintained in comfort. Torsion-bar springing and piston-type shock absorbers put you on the "level" on the roughest roads.



COMFORT

Within-wheelbase seating, in the comfort zone of car design, puts you and your passengers at ease to enjoy relaxed day-long travel.



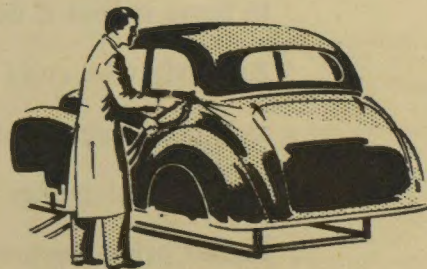
ROOMINESS

Ample elbow, leg and head-room. The wide-angle windscreen gives horizon-wide outlook that adds to the pleasure of every journey.

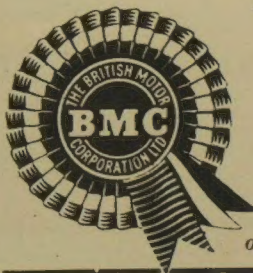


FINISH

No less than six coats of paint go on to a rust-proofed surface. With the minimum of maintenance your Morris will keep its showroom sparkle even after years of hard usage.



Make a date with a Morris Dealer for a demonstration run.

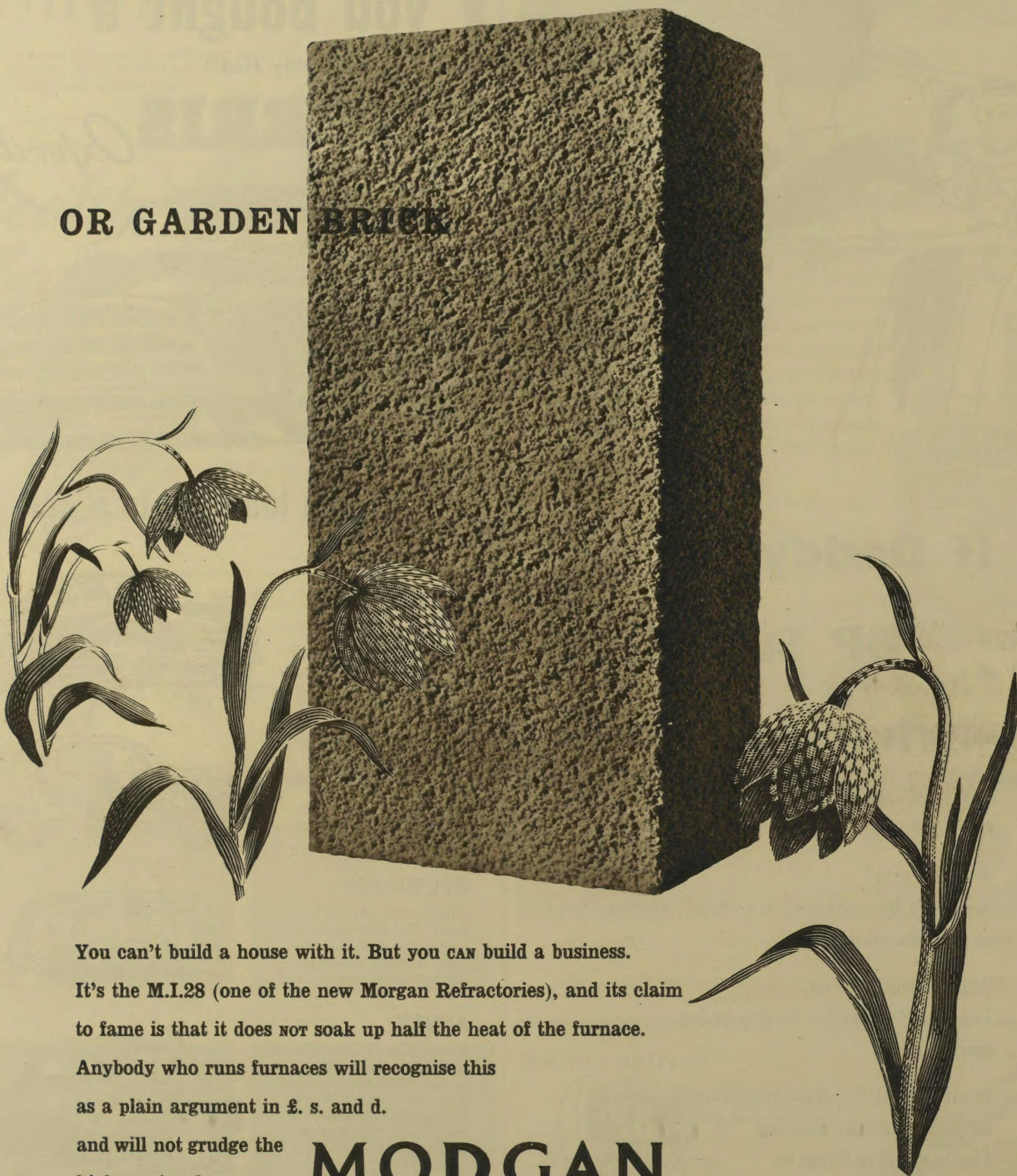


MORRIS MINOR • OXFORD

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

THIS IS NO COMMON

OR GARDEN BRICK



You can't build a house with it. But you CAN build a business.

It's the M.I.28 (one of the new Morgan Refractories), and its claim to fame is that it does NOT soak up half the heat of the furnace.

Anybody who runs furnaces will recognise this

as a plain argument in £. s. and d.

and will not grudge the
higher price, because

MORGAN
Refractories

ARE WORTH FAR MORE THAN THEY COST

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1953.



(ABOVE.)
THE DUKE OF YORK, AFTER
HER BOWS WERE SLICED OFF IN THE
COLLISION; AND (RIGHT) AS SHE
USED TO BE, WHEN USED ON THE
HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND RUN.

AT 4.17 a.m. on May 6, in darkness and some fog, the British Railways passenger steamer *Duke of York* (4190 tons), with a crew of seventy-two and carrying 437 passengers from The Hook of Holland to Harwich, was struck just forward of the bridge by the American freighter *Haiti Victory* (7607 tons) when about 40 miles east of Harwich. The U.S. ship almost clove the *Duke of York* in two and as the *Haiti Victory* went astern, the bow section of the *Duke of York* parted and sank quickly. There was no panic and the very great majority of the *Duke of York*'s passengers

Continued opposite.



Continued.
were rescued immediately and taken to the *Haiti Victory*. Some passengers were trapped in their cabins and in all, at the date of writing, five were known to have lost their lives, but two others of the passenger list were unaccounted for. With her bows cut away and with the captain (Captain R. V. Adams) and fifteen of the crew still aboard, the *Duke of York*, under her own power, but guided by tugs, made her way to Harwich, which she reached on the morning of May 7. The *Duke of York* was built by Harland and Wolff at Belfast in 1935 for the Heysham-Belfast night service, and served during the war (as H.M.S. *Duke of Wellington*) as troopship and assault ship with the Royal Navy. Other pictures of the collision and its immediate aftermath appear on page 771.

AFTER A NORTH SEA NIGHT COLLISION IN WHICH AT LEAST FIVE DIED: THE BRITISH RAILWAYS SHIP DUKE OF YORK, HER BOWS SLICED OFF BY THE U.S. FREIGHTER HAITI VICTORY, BEING TOWED INTO HARWICH.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I HAVE never been able to do anything but dislike Communism, which has always struck me as a narrow-minded, pedantic, intolerant and jealous creed, productive—as is only too obvious where it has been applied—of hatred, violence, cruelty and bad faith. In the 1930's, when admiration for it was an intellectual and even social fashion in this country and America I reacted against it so vehemently as to seem to most of my intellectual contemporaries and younger contemporaries a singularly unenlightened person, if not a deliberate sinner against the light. I cannot say that I dislike or have disliked Communists, for I realise that, like the adherents of other religions, they must be of all sorts, including both saints and sinners, and, so far as I am aware, I have never known any personally, though I must have met a good many fellow-travellers, or near-travellers, for at one time they were as numerous among the English intelligentsia as gulls at a race-meeting. I certainly saw plenty while motoring off the beaten track in Spain in 1936, a few months before the Civil War, when the walls of almost every village and little town in La Mancha and Andalusia were plastered with slogans extolling Russia, and where the streets were filled with scowling, angry young men—the fine fruits of somebody's propaganda—who at the sight of a car approaching saluted the itinerant bourgeois with clenched fists. Being a lover of Spain and the Spanish people, I found the experience depressing and saddening. And, though their heroism and magnificent achievement in the war inspired me, as it inspired most Englishmen at the time, with feelings of profound admiration for the Russians, I have never ceased to dislike the squalid creed which underlies their despotic and persecuting polity. I have now reached the age, I suppose, when I instinctively dislike all persecutors. It is an attitude that I believe the overwhelming majority of my countrymen share, whenever they are brought face-to-face—for they are not a very imaginative race—with its unpleasant results. It has long become an inherent part of our national make-up. That is why, even though it is an anti-Communist movement, the people of this country are shocked by the wave of persecution that appears to have broken out in the United States as a reaction against Communism and fellow-travelling. However understandable the reasons for such persecution—and an Englishman should try to understand them—no Englishman who is true to his country's political faith can regard them as a justification. Personally, though all my sympathies are with the American people in their detestation of Communism, I cannot feel anything but distaste for what strikes me as a hysterical and bullying campaign. And the fact that it is being conducted in the United States of America, and under the folds of "Old Glory," makes me like it not better, but worse. It is like encountering bad cooking in France or bad singing in Italy or Wales; rightly or wrongly, an Englishman thinks of the United States as the land of liberty, not of the inquisitor and political victimiser. What Walt Whitman or Abraham Lincoln would have said about this un-American movement is not hard to guess. Unfortunately, neither is here to say it. And it has been left to old Sam Goldwyn of Metro-Goldwyn to speak the words which I had been hoping an American would speak, and which to an Englishman have the true, authentic, ring of the traditional America. When I read them in a newspaper the other day, I wanted to stand up and cheer! And they caused such a glow of pleasure in at least one English heart that I cannot refrain from quoting them. For Mr. Goldwyn was speaking about the incredibly petty persecution that has resulted in the virtual banishment from the United States of Charlie Chaplin—the greatest, and by vast multitudes most beloved, genius that the art of the cinema has produced, and one who must have earned by his efforts more money for America than any American citizen has ever done by himself. This is what Mr. Goldwyn is reported to have said:

So far, no one has spoken up for Charlie. All we have heard has been dead silence. It's time someone said something. In my opinion, Charlie Chaplin is the greatest artist we have ever had and we have no one to take his place. How many great men do you meet in a lifetime? Darned few, but Charlie is one of them.

I feel he is certainly not a Communist. I have known him well for twenty-one years. We have had many disagreements, as he has decided views. He is a Liberal, and sometimes he may be a little misguided, but he is no Communist. I'm not afraid of political repercussions from defending him. The main thing is to say what is true without being afraid.

Courageous to defend Charlie? Nonsense! I'd be honoured to produce a picture with Charlie Chaplin in it. And if they don't like me defending him—well, they can stop me from re-entering America too.*

Now the true point of American history, and English history, too, as I see it, is that it enables and inspires men to speak out their minds like that regardless of the consequences, and to denounce bullying and tyranny for the mean, contemptible things they are. I do not imagine that Mr. Goldwyn's paternal ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, or that any of them were among the Founder Fathers of the Republic. But if those words of his are not in the authentic spirit of the great men who went out from England, and a century or so later fought against England, because England, in their esteem, had turned tyrant, I am incapable of understanding my native tongue. And if that is what America does for a man—if that is how it teaches a man to think and speak, even though he be not born an American—all the Communist propaganda in the world is powerless to hurt her, and all the petty-minded bullies and busybodies who, in the name of defending that great land and tradition from Communism, are playing and talking the language of the *gauleiter* and *commissar*, can be discounted as Burke discounted the chirping of the grasshoppers in the field grazed by herds of great bees. And reading that grand and sane utterance after all the miserable and, as it seems to an outsider, un-American stuff that has been percolating across the Atlantic during the last few months, I felt as I dare say many an American who loved and honoured England felt when he heard the words of Churchill in 1940. For they stemmed from the same source:

We must be free who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spoke.

Old Sam Goldwyn, it seems, has learnt that spiritual tongue, and it makes him, in my eyes, glorious Sam!—old Uncle Sam himself who used, in the political cartoons of the nineteenth century, to

stand under the Stars and Stripes telling pompous tyrants where they got off! Long may he and his like do so! For the echoes of such speech in men's hearts will sound in the world long after the last atom bomb has fallen. It is, indeed, the only ultimate protection from the atom bomb and the far viler things behind it.

Liberty, as I see it—real democracy, for no true democracy can exist without personal liberty and justice for the individual—depends on balance, on a sense of principles and a sense of proportion. In so many respects the people of the United States have kept that sense of principles and balance better in recent years than the people of this country. They have not, for instance, fallen victims to the petty, envious, lazy and restrictive philosophy of economic equality. As a result, there has been in most matters since the 'twenties, and certainly since our social revolution during the late war, far more freedom for the individual in the United States than in Britain. It has, of course, partly been the fear of losing that precious freedom that has caused the present wave of anti-Communist and anti-Liberal persecution there. Yet to victimise men, disgrace and deprive them of their livelihood because they have held contrary opinions to one's own, is to play the Communist game. It is to lose the sense of principles and balance on which democracy depends. And the fact that those opinions are now generally seen—in the light of Russian actions—to have been foolish opinions makes the persecution not better but worse. For there is one thing that one can be certain is always wrong, and that is to persecute one's fellow-men for being fools. That is the sin of Cain—of fratricide, for we are all fools. It is like persecuting people for having the toothache or being ugly. It is pots calling kettles black; and itself a species of supreme folly. One can only hope that the senatorial and other inquisitors and persecutors whom mid-twentieth-century America has so unexpectedly thrown up will wake up one morning, realise what un-American fools they have been making of themselves, have a good laugh at themselves, and stop it!

A NEW CULTURAL CENTRE ON A VENETIAN ISLAND.



BEING TRANSFORMED INTO AN INTERNATIONAL CENTRE OF CULTURE AND THE ARTS: THE ISLAND OF SAN GIORGIO, OPPOSITE THE PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO AT VENICE.

The San Giorgio foundation has spent £1,500,000 on the island of San Giorgio, opposite the Piazza di San Marco at Venice, where a new international centre of culture and the arts is being built. Two modern boarding schools for 1,000 children from the poorest Venetian families have also been built. For many centuries the island was an important centre of Venetian cultural and spiritual life, and flourished until 100 years ago, when it was requisitioned by the Austrian Army, and for the next century the island remained a military area. The island has a church by Palladio, a cloister of great beauty, and a staircase in the old Benedictine Abbey leading to a large refectory, which is considered to be Palladio's masterpiece. The church is being revived and Benedictine monks will return to the island and establish themselves in a wing of the restored monastery. The work is being financed by Count Cini, an Italian business man, who wishes the foundation to be a memorial to his only son Giorgio, who died in an air accident three years ago.

THE "DUKE OF YORK" COLLISION: DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SPLIT.



THE DUKE OF YORK TEARS IN TWO: A DRAMATIC SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN BY A RESCUED PASSENGER (FROM THE DECK OF THE HAITI VICTORY) SHOWING THE GAP TORN BY THE COLLISION WIDENING, THE BOW SECTION BREAKING AWAY AND RAPIDLY SINKING INTO THE SEA.



AFTER THE COLLISION: (LEFT) THE U.S. FREIGHTER HAITI VICTORY TOWING, STERN FIRST, THE CRIPPLED DUKE OF YORK, HER BOW SECTION SHORN AWAY, WHILE NAVAL RESCUE LAUNCHES ARE STANDING BY. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE AIR.



THE RESCUE OF THE PASSENGERS: THE HAITI VICTORY, WITH A NAVAL LAUNCH AND A LIFEBOAT ALONGSIDE. ON THE HAITI VICTORY'S DECKS CAN BE SEEN MANY OF THE RESCUED.

On the front page of this issue we report the collision in the North Sea, 40 miles east of Harwich, in which the U.S. freighter *Haiti Victory* cut into the bow section of the British Railways steamer *Duke of York*. Here we show a number of photographs taken during and after the disaster—of which perhaps the sequence at the top of the page is the most remarkable. This was photographed by a passenger in the *Duke of York* who had been rescued and taken to the *Haiti Victory*, from the deck of which he photographed the actual parting of the bow



THE BOWS OF THE FREIGHTER HAITI VICTORY, WHICH SHEERED INTO THE BOW SECTION OF THE DUKE OF YORK: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT HARWICH, AFTER SHE DOCKED.

section of the *Duke of York* (following the moving astern of the *Haiti Victory*) until the bows finally plunged beneath the waves. When the crash came at 4.17 a.m. on May 7, most of the passengers were asleep in their cabins or dozing in the lounges. The transferring of nearly all the 437 passengers to the *Haiti Victory* has been described as a wonderful feat of seamanship. When it was known that some passengers were trapped, oxy-acetylene apparatus and blood plasma were taken out by naval launches from the depot ship, H.M.S. *Mars*.

HER MAJESTY PRESENTS COLOURS TO THE GRENADIERS, AND THE DUKE GAINS HIS "WINGS."



(LEFT.)
MAKING HIS FINAL
FLIGHTS BEFORE RE-
CEIVING HIS R.A.F. WINGS
ON MAY 4: H.R.H. THE
DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT
THE CONTROLS OF A

HARVARD TRAINER.

The Duke of Edinburgh was presented with his R.A.F. wings on May 4 in a private ceremony at Buckingham Palace by Air Chief-Marshal Sir William Dickson, Chief of the Air Staff. His Royal Highness, who qualified for his wings in just under ninety hours flying time (which is well below the average), began his training on November 12. He made his first solo flight on December 20 in a *Chipmunk*. He transferred to the heavier and more powerful *Harvard* on February 15, and made his first solo flight in that aircraft on February 23.

(RIGHT.)
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDIN-
BURGH FLYING OVER
WINDSOR CASTLE DURING
HIS FINAL FLIGHTS BE-
FORE RECEIVING HIS
WINGS. HE IS PILOTING
A *HARVARD* ADVANCED
TRAINER.



(RIGHT.)
AFTER PRESENTING
COLOURS TO THE 1ST AND
2ND BATTALIONS THE
GRENADIER GUARDS AT
BUCKINGHAM PALACE:
HER MAJESTY TAKING THE
SALUTE, WITH THE DUKE
OF CORNWALL AND PRIN-
CESS ANNE, BOTH AT THE
SALUTE, ON THE BALCONY
(TOP LEFT).

The Queen's children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, watched her Majesty presenting Colours to the 1st and 2nd Bns. The Grenadier Guards from a balcony of Buckingham Palace on May 7, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and stood at the salute during the march-past. After the old Colours had been trooped along the line and marched off Parade, the new Colours were consecrated by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, and her Majesty presented them. In her address she recalled that under the old Colours the two Battalions had seen much service in common. "Togetheryou stood side-by-side before Dunkirk," she said, "and together you fought your triumphant way . . . through France, Belgium and Holland into Germany."



AFTER HAVING BEEN TROOPED FOR THE LAST TIME: THE OLD COLOURS BEING LOWERED IN SALUTE TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AS THEY WERE MARCHED OFF PARADE IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN, ON THURSDAY, MAY 7.



T.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE STAND AT THE SALUTE AS THE PARADE MARCHES PAST HER MAJESTY IN COLUMNS OF THREE. THEY WATCHED THE CEREMONY WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO STOOD BETWEEN THEM.



ONE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTIONS FOR CORONATION VISITORS TO LONDON: THE CHANGING OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE GUARD.

The ceremonial carried out by the Household Brigade provides visitors to London with a unique series of spectacles, and during the Coronation period, when we are welcoming many strangers, particularly large crowds are likely to assemble to watch the Changing and the Mounting of the Guard. The Queen's Life Guard at Whitehall is found by the Life Guards and the Blues (Royal Horse Guards) on alternate days. Our photograph shows the Royal Horse Guards relieving the

Life Guards. During May changes in the ceremonial observed by the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace are to be noted. In accordance with eighteenth-century custom, the Queen's Guard was mounted from Horse Guards instead of at Buckingham Palace on May 8, 12 and 14, and the same ceremonial will be observed to-day, May 16, and on May 18. The ceremony begins at 9.30 a.m., and includes the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace at 10.30 a.m.

ON Saturday, May 2, I was present at the inauguration of King Hussein in the Legislative Assembly in Amman. The term "coronation" being so prominent in the public mind this year, the ceremony has generally been described as such. It was not a coronation, and the Hashimite Kingdom of the Jordan has no crown. It was an affirmation on the assumption of power. King Hussein was not inside the building for more than about a quarter of an hour, and most of that time was occupied by addresses. The ceremony could not have been simpler. There was nothing notable about it, but it was redeemed by the remarkable dignity and charm of the young King. He certainly brings to his duties and responsibilities an ardent desire to serve which promises well. He will need endurance and patience as well as the enthusiasm he has already shown. His shoulders will have to bear a heavy burden. He possesses poise, bears himself well, and behaves in a manner as natural as is consonant with dignity. All agree that he has made a good start, but none deny the difficulties of the way ahead.

It has been said cynically that Jordan has no industry except the Arab Legion. This is not wide of the mark. At one time the old territory which used to be known as Trans-Jordan had a surplus of agricultural production for export, and a respectable one in a good year. Since the enormous influx of refugees from Palestine, matters have changed in this respect, even though the bulk of these unfortunates are fed by U.N.W.R.A. on largely imported dry rations. This influx represents one of the most terrible problems with which a young and still inchoate State can ever have had to deal. It can hardly be said that a beginning has as yet been made. The number of refugees is estimated to be about 400,000. This does not include the considerable numbers who brought in either capital, and have gone into business, or skill and training, which have enabled them to obtain work. Nor does it take account of some 90,000 not registered as refugees because living in their own houses west of Jordan, but cut off from their farms—sometimes even from their gardens—by the line of the armistice. Incidentally, there are hundreds of thousands more in Syria, Lebanon and Egypt.

The unassimilated refugees live in camps of huts made of timber or the local type of plastered mud. They have usually no space for gardens, but in any case the country in which they have been quartered is at best semi-desert. Only irrigation could render such places fruitful, whereas camps which I saw in the Jordan Valley had no water except what the women carried in on their heads in jars or petrol tins from sources outside their camps. The food is on a scale reckoned to be three-quarters of the minimum required to maintain human beings in a state of good health. This is by no means the worst part of their plight, because U.N.W.R.A. does its work well and makes special provision for undernourished children, and in any case the scale is better than that of the poorest of the settled population and of the nomad Beduin. The most serious aspect of it all is the absence of occupation or the prospect of it. The typical refugee adult sits, about waiting. About 5 per cent. get regular occupation. The rest hope vaguely to return to Haifa or Jaffa, an unhealthy longing, because the goal is completely unattainable.

Here is breeding-ground, one might think, for Communism. In point of fact, hardly a trace of it is yet to be found, but there is no saying that this state of affairs will continue. The obvious theoretical remedy is a scheme or schemes which would absorb the greatest possible proportion of the refugees as labour and at the same time exploit to the greatest possible extent the resources of the country, tapped or untapped. Many such schemes have been under discussion, but they are nearly all long-term in character. The agency known as Point 4 has been active, but if we ask what good it has already done, the only answer is that it has helped by distributing money in wages, notably on its own housing, but that these wages have produced little else. I do not criticise, because I do not feel myself competent to do so. I merely record, and I do not think that what I have written can be disputed. As yet the refugees are not being put to work and the resources of the country are not being exploited.

One big scheme, that of the Yarmuk Dam, has indeed made some progress in the planning stages, and it is not the only one. It would provide at once power and irrigation, but would not, so far as I can estimate, employ a very large proportion of the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

JORDAN REVISITED (I).

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

refugees. The land in the Judean hills west of the Jordan is of poor quality, with few fruitful valleys. Its most important product is olive-oil. A refinery is about to be established which, it is hoped, will increase the demand for trees. If it does so it will automatically bring about more attention to the terracing of the hills, essential to such an increase. This part of the country also exports a little tobacco to Southern Arabia. Hitherto most of the irrigation

suffice to warrant the costly expenditure on the improvement of communications which would be called for if they were to be worked on a large scale. It must be remembered that, since the port of Haifa has been closed to Jordan, that country has become extremely isolated from the point of view of trade. Aqaba is undeveloped; its communications are poor; and at present it is virtually only used for military purposes. Almost the only other available port is Beirut, and goods passing to and from it on the railway have to make a detour to avoid the territory of Israel. The Lebanese freight rates have leapt up till, it is said, the cost of carrying cement from Beirut to Amman is more than its cost when it arrives by sea at Beirut. Phosphates have already been exploited. Then there is the question of oil, at mention of which all Middle Eastern eyes glisten. Oil there must be, but how much and where?

Private enterprise might work on development. Representatives of foreign firms have been looking about them. They are, however, very much alive to the risks of taking a hand in the development of Jordan. They see it as a country insolvent without British and American support, with obscure politics largely based on personal alliances and antipathies, and an inexperienced bureaucracy. Apart from the risk of losing their money in a failure, some of them feel that they might be dispossessed after a success. They also note that Jordan is not regarded with friendship by all her ostensible allies, among whom Egypt is almost unfriendly and the best-disposed is Lebanon, nowhere coterminous with Jordan. Small wonder that they hesitate. I think that we are apt to get a wrong impression if we regard these things merely as contemporary spectators. If we are historians we know that matters of this sort are eventually solved, happily or unhappily, and that after a few generations the men who died in misery during the throes of confusion are hardly remembered. Yet it can be but small consolation to the statesman that the fate of nations is so inscrutable and often so difficult to influence, especially for good.

On my last day in Jordan I attended the ceremonial parade in honour of the King's inauguration the previous day. It was a most inspiring sight. There were first-class massed bands. The Arab Legion was represented in part by complete units, in part by colour parties from those prevented by their duties from being present as a whole—duties not confined to those of garrisons and frontier posts, but also including large detachments in the desert engaged in war against the locusts. The National Guard and the police forces about which I shall say something in a later article, also played a part. The most striking incident was the advance of the parade in review order to salute the King. I do not think the Chief of the General Staff is given to self-congratulation or easily pleased with the work of his own hands, but he must surely have felt some satisfaction as he stood in his place near the King and looked at this spectacle of trained, disciplined and well-turned-out troops. Glubb Pasha came to the country in the days of Peake, later took over the still infantile Arab Legion from the latter's creative hands, and has since been responsible for all its developments.

Jordan to-day is in fact at an exciting stage of development. Its affairs tend to be crowded out of the news by events which may be bigger but which cannot be said to possess greater inherent interest. The juxtaposition of the modern and the completely [primitive] is in itself always curious, and this can be seen here as well as anywhere. I have had so many ideas and so much information in my head as I have been writing that I have not been able to do justice to this side. Perhaps I shall have better luck next time.

On the afternoon of the parade, I flew in a tiny biplane of distressingly fragile appearance over Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon. The machine seemed to shudder at reaching the necessary height, and I was inclined to do the same thing myself. It was a relief to sink lower after we had crossed the second ridge, but still more so to land on the seaside airport of Beirut. (Only a short time ago I had written here a farewell to the ill-fated liner *Champollion*, the last thing that I then expected being to see her again; but there lay her melancholy wreck, a mile or two away.) A call at three o'clock next morning to catch an aircraft which left three hours later; Zurich and an excellent luncheon; London Airport. Almost reeling with fatigue I looked about me. "The bar is closed. *Le bar est fermé. Il bar è chiuso. El bar esta cerrado.*" No doubt left in the mind. England, my England!



"HE CERTAINLY BRINGS TO HIS DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES AN ARDENT DESIRE TO SERVE WHICH PROMISES WELL": KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN WITH GLUBB PASHA, CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF, AT THE ARAB LEGION TRAINING CENTRE IN AMMAN ON APRIL 26.



"TRAINED, DISCIPLINED AND WELL-TURNED-OUT TROOPS": A DETACHMENT OF THE ARAB LEGION CAMEL CORPS ON PARADE AT THE AERODROME NEAR AMMAN, DURING A REHEARSAL FOR THE CEREMONIAL PARADE IN HONOUR OF KING HUSSEIN'S INAUGURATION ON MAY 2.

practised has been based on the immemorial methods of catching and storing the surface water during the wet season. Underground water supplies undoubtedly exist and are occasionally exploited, but it seems that more might be done in this respect. Amidst what is generally considered virtual desert, providing only grazing for camels and goats, large tracts can be found which, with only a little more water, would undoubtedly produce quite good crops. There is already enough good ploughland to arouse jealousy in Israel.

The possibilities of inorganic or geological production are difficult to determine. There has as yet been no complete and thorough geological survey, though some of a limited character have been carried out. Considerable deposits of manganese are known to be present, but it is not as yet known whether they

THE ACCESSION OF THE KING OF JORDAN: SCENES IN THE CAPITAL, AMMAN.



HOUSING 7000 OF THE 400,000 DISPLACED PALESTINIANS IN JORDAN: A GENERAL VIEW OF A U.N. REFUGEE CAMP AT AMMAN, THE CAPITAL.



A SCENE NEAR STATION ROAD, AMMAN: A PRIVATE CAMP OF STONE AND MUD HUTS WHOSE INHABITANTS, REFUGEES FROM PALESTINE, PROVIDE A SERIOUS PROBLEM FOR THE JORDAN AUTHORITIES.



AFTER THE OATH-TAKING CEREMONY IN THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING: THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF AMMAN; SHOWING ARAB LEGION VEHICLES.



ENTERING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING TO TAKE THE OATH AS KING OF JORDAN: KING HUSSEIN WITH THE CHIEF OF POLICE (LEFT) IN AMMAN ON MAY 2.



AT A RECEPTION IN THE ROYAL PALACE ON APRIL 22: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN WITH HIS BROTHERS, CROWN PRINCE MOHAMMED (RIGHT) AND PRINCE HASSAN, AND HIS SISTER, PRINCESS BASMA.

AMONG the ceremonies which marked the inauguration of the young King Hussein as King of Jordan was a reception at the Royal Palace on April 22 to Government officials and members of the Diplomatic Corps. On May 2 King Hussein drove in procession to the Parliament Buildings, where he took the oath: "I swear by the name of God that I will preserve the constitution and be faithful to my people," and received the congratulations of the Prime Minister and the President of the Senate. The King's accession to his constitutional powers was then signalled to the people by a salute of 101 guns fired by the Arab Legion. On the following day King Hussein was present at a ceremonial parade on the airfield at Amman, which was watched by a crowd of some 100,000 people, and took the salute at a march-past of some 5000 troops.



THANKING THE PEOPLE OF JORDAN FOR THEIR CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS INAUGURATION AS KING OF JORDAN: KING HUSSEIN SPEAKING AT THE CEREMONIAL PARADE HELD ON MAY 3 ON THE AIRFIELD AT AMMAN.

A TAME OTTER IN A DANISH HOME.



INTERRUPTED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHILE NIBBLING FERN LEAVES: A TAME OTTER WHICH LIVES WITH A DANISH FAMILY IN JUTLAND.



BEING HELD BY MRS. PUGGAARD, HIS OWNER: AN OTTER WHICH HAS THE RUN OF THE HOUSE AND IS AS DOMESTICATED AS A DOG OR A CAT.



PRIVILEGED TO EAT HIS MEALS ON THE SITTING-ROOM CARPET: THE OTTER, ENJOYING A FISH SNACK, IGNORES THE PRESENCE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

In our issue of April 25 we published some photographs of tame otters enjoying life in a house and a hotel in Homer, Minnesota, U.S.A. Now we have received some photographs of another tame otter, this time from Denmark, where a Mr. and Mrs. Puggaard, who live at Ribe—the old town of the storks, in Jutland—have adopted an otter as a pet. The otter was only a tiny bundle of skin and bones when they found it and took it home. With great patience they reared it on a bottle and gradually it regained strength, and has now grown into the handsome animal shown on this page. The otter has the run of the house, and has become very attached to its owners.

TRAINING HORSES FOR CORONATION DAY.

On June 2, as at past Coronations, the Prime Minister's carriage procession will consist of horse-drawn carriages. This has been made possible by the generosity of private owners who have readily lent harness horses, coachmen, footmen and equipment to the Earl Marshal to allow the pageantry of the Prime Minister's carriage procession to be maintained. The Queen has graciously provided the Royal liveries and harness from the Royal Mews to ensure that the procession keeps its traditional appearance. A number of rehearsals have been taking place, during which the horses have been subjected to noises and conditions likely to be encountered on Coronation Day itself. Training and rehearsals are being carried out under the direction of the Crown Equerry by a unit established at the Royal Mews.



TRAINING HORSES FOR CORONATION DAY: AN N.C.O. BEATING TIN LIDS TOGETHER DURING A RECENT REHEARSAL AT WOOLWICH BARRACKS.



DRIVING PAST CHEERING TROOPS AND CIVILIANS TO TEACH THEM TO GET ACCUSTOMED TO NOISE: HORSES OF THE PRIME MINISTER'S CARriage PROCESSION.



SIMULATING THE SOUNDS OF CORONATION DAY: AN ARMY BAND AT WOOLWICH CAUSES THE HORSES TO STRAIN AT THEIR HARNESS AS THEY ARE DRIVEN BY.

A PREVIEW OF THE GOLDEN STATE COACH: IN REHEARSAL FOR JUNE 2.



(ABOVE.)

A REHEARSAL FOR THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF JUNE 2: THE STATE COACH, NOW FITTED WITH RUBBER TYRES, WHICH REDUCE NOISE, DRAWN BY EIGHT POSTILLION-DRIVEN WINDSOR GREYS, LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE State Coach, in which the Queen will travel to her Coronation on June 2, was driven from the Palace to Westminster Abbey, left from Clarence House; and at 6.30 a.m. the Second Division Sovereign's Escort rode out of the forecourt of Buckingham Palace followed by the State Coach. Fluorescent lighting fitted to the vehicle allowed the interior to be seen. Major-General J. A. Gascoigne, G.O.C. London District, travelled with the procession. The timing proved exact, and Big Ben was striking seven, the hour at which it was due, when the State Coach drew up at the Abbey, to the sound of a fanfare by trumpeters. After an hour's pause, the procession was re-marshalled for the longer return journey, and reached Buckingham Palace two hours later, exactly on time. There will be no more rehearsals.

(RIGHT.)

GREETED BY A FANFARE BY TRUMPETERS OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, KNELLER HALL: THE STATE COACH ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON THE STROKE OF 7 A.M., THE EXACT HOUR AT WHICH IT WAS DUE.



THE CARE OF THE GUILTY BUT INSANE.

"BROADMOOR. A HISTORY OF CRIMINAL LUNACY AND ITS PROBLEMS"; By RALPH PARTRIDGE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SCATTERED about the country there are convict prisons; and there is a prison for criminal lunatics, and persons charged with crimes and deemed unfit to plead. Most of us, since we know that we "can do nothing about it" and find the thought of them inconvenient, give them little thought in ordinary times. This applies especially to the criminal lunatics. "We can't do anything about it," is our consolation: "These people simply must be under control; the community must be protected against them; and doubtless the Home Office controls them as humanely as possible and does all that it can for the cure or reform of those who are capable of cure or reform." If we are a little more curious we learn that Broadmoor is a spacious building, in Victorian Whitehall Romanesque, with ample gardens on high ground, near Wellington College, and several excellent preparatory schools, and the pleasant, quiet village of Crowthorne. Then something suddenly wakes us up to a realisation of what the nature and circumstance of our life forces us to organise and tolerate, in our midst. And, in our fear of the abnormal let loose, we call for a more rigid control of it, and tend, if only for a time, to lose our pity for the victims of their own aberrations.

There is a mutiny at Dartmoor, or a notorious brute escapes, for a time, from there: or somebody gets away from Broadmoor. The hunt is up, and sometimes, in some quarters, it is hysterical. There was quite undue concern about "the Mad Parson," an admirable baker, who ultimately obtained his release and wrote his memoirs. More comprehensible was the burst of alarm which occurred when a youth, already accused of murdering two little girls, escaped and murdered another in the immediate neighbourhood of Broadmoor. "Suppose it was your own little girl who lived at Crowthorne and was to be the victim of these maniac demons?" was the question put to us; and, all too easily, the normal human in us cried out: "It would be better to gas the lot"—which was Hitler's remedy for any manifestation which he disliked. I don't know whether Mr. Partridge's book is "propter hoc" or merely "post hoc." But it is a very good book, and it does put things into proportion. In its account of the develop-

ment of the laws regarding criminal lunatics, of the medical theories regarding their ailments, and of the evolution of treatment at Broadmoor itself, it is a severely historical work. In its treatment of detail it is human and sometimes humorous. A person, in fact, who was not in the least interested in reform or reformation might well find his narrative interesting. And, perhaps, because of the interest evoked, he might think that there is something, after all, in the long effort of the Home Office and its medical men which has ended in people being called "Broadmoor patients" instead of "criminal lunatics." The emphasis at the start was upon "prison"; the emphasis to-day is upon "hospital." And, all questions of kindness to the pathetically irresponsible ruled out, the reformed system seems to have worked. A large number of patients are discharged cured—including women who, temporarily distraught, have killed their children; great care is taken about discharging anybody whose cunning may simulate cure; and escapes of dangerous people (which, of course, could be completely eliminated by gassing the whole population of England, the gassers ultimately gassing themselves) have been few indeed. Three people only have got away from Broadmoor and never been found again. In 1868 "Daniel McLean, who had found a way over the wall on Christmas Eve, was never seen or heard of again. In July of the following year Alice Kaye, a female of the convict class, slipped over the boundary wall in broad daylight, while the Asylum band was playing. She too was never heard of or seen again." And in 1873, William Bisgrove, a convict out at exercise, "asked his attendant some questions about a

rabbit burrow near the path. The attendant stooped down to look into the burrow, when Bisgrove hit him on the head and then tried to strangle him. The attendant struggled until Bisgrove let go and ran into the woods. From that day nothing was ever seen or heard again of William Bisgrove. He is the only murderer in the history of Broadmoor to get away."

The modern organisation of Broadmoor, with patients divided into blocks according to their degrees of responsibility and qualities of behaviour, with concerts, dances and competitive games (as it were

severe on the relapsed patients who had once secured their discharge and been re-admitted for inability to behave wisely or remain sane outside. It was felt, and possibly with reason, that their failure to justify their release jeopardised the chances of all those still on the wrong side of the walls: they had let the Pleasure men's side down."

"There is method in his madness": as usual, Shakespeare said the last word. Even the doctors have to take a long time before they decide that a man is fit to be let out without risk to himself or the community. They reason, they read, they play bridge, they play chess, they organise, they run papers, they write; and at the last moment the strange glint in the eye may still be there. The visitor, when he sees what these people can do, may be tempted to exclaim not "Gas the Lot," but "Release the Lot." But he is pulled up. They have a concert-party called "The Broadmoorists." "When the Broadmoorists gather round a Western camp-fire in cowboy rig to sing sentimental ballads, the words, 'God have mercy on such as we!' may bring tears to eyes in the body of the Hall as well as on the stage. Actors and audience alike can respond to the pathetic situation of the inmates. The bond of sympathy, however, dissolves into bewilderment under the impact of the special Broadmoor jokes, which never fail to find a place in every show. Huge cardboard carving-knives and dummy revolvers are carried onto the stage: comic murders are committed, and dangerous escaped lunatics are supposed to be at large. These home-brewed jokes, although they strike the

participants as irresistibly comic, leave the visitors aghast. The funny spectacle of a homicidal maniac impersonating a homicidal maniac can probably only be appreciated to the full by other homicidal maniacs. The sane simply do not know what to think. I have never heard a laugh in the Hall during such proceedings. But I am told that, when the show is given before the rest of Broadmoor, these are the jokes that convulse the audience."

Many such odd things are related in this book.

We are told of insane murderers whose heirs succeeded to the profits of their murders because the murderers were insane. We are told of an incurable who speculated on the Stock Exchange with such cunning that "the doctors who censored his outgoing instructions to stockbrokers subsequently regretted that they never took advantage of this madman's genius"—his sister inherited the results. We meet odd characters: the artist Dadd, who murdered his father and continued to draw powerfully; the scholar De Minors, who made such contributions to the great "Oxford English Dictionary" that the editors came down as a deputation to interview him, thinking that he simply must be the Superintendent; and the escaper Kelly, who was away from the asylum for many, many years and returned at last, because he was lost and uncomfortable, "and he saw no reason why the King should not restore him his pleasure when he needed it in his old age." There are also the loving husbands and wives who come to comfort and minister when all hope has gone.

Sometimes with an astonishing result. We don't want homicidal people let loose on the community. But this sensible and sensitive book does make one realise that there may be locked up in Broadmoor Lears, Ophelias and Othellos; and that, under stress, we might become even as one of those. In many cases of criminal insanity, no lesion of the brain has been found. The will exists but hasn't had the strength to fight: "perplex'd in the extreme." "There but for the grace of God go I" may be many a man's verdict on this book; but I say that rather shyly.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 802 of this issue.



BLOCK II., WOMEN'S AIRING COURT AT BROADMOOR.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Broadmoor. A History of Criminal Lunacy and its Problems"; by courtesy of the publishers, Chatto and Windus.

between "houses") conforms to the conventional type: the L.C.C. and the Borstal authorities alike seem to think that there is something in the public-school system. One dream of our social idealists seems to have been achieved in Broadmoor more thoroughly than anywhere else: namely, that of the Classless Society. "Among the inmates social status corresponding to that outside the walls had ceased to exist. One could gauge from what class in society a man had sprung by his manners, his language and his accent, but the knowledge had no particular significance.



CRAYON DRAWINGS BY RICHARD DADD IN THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE AT BROADMOOR: "COACHMAN" (RIGHT) AND "STREET MUSICIAN." RICHARD DADD, A TALENTED VICTORIAN PAINTER, MURDERED HIS FATHER IN 1847. HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO BROADMOOR FROM BEDLAM IN 1864, AND WAS THERE UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1887. [Reproduced by courtesy of Philip Boucas.]



Inside the walls he was judged by more fundamental standards, by his good temper, his power to entertain and his readiness to assist the more unfortunate." But alas, as in Russia of the Commissars, "tamen usque recurret." "A kind of criminal lunatic hierarchy had evolved, as a substitute for conventional class-consciousness. The Pleasure men despised the Time men as real convicted criminals, while they themselves were just insane, and only technically guilty of crime. The H.M.P.s also differentiated among themselves: the man who had only murdered his wife or child felt a moral superiority to the sexual murderer or the man who had killed a prostitute. This may well have been because wife and child murderers always constitute the majority in the Institution, and naturally set the tone. Public opinion was particularly

* "Broadmoor: A History of Criminal Lunacy and Its Problems." By Ralph Partridge. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus; 21s.)



THE CORONATION BIBLE, TO BE PRESENTED DURING THE CEREMONY BY THE MODERATOR OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, THE RITUAL HAVING BEEN MODIFIED. This Bible, bound in red leather with a white panel to a design by Mr. Lynton Lamb, will be presented to the Queen during the Coronation. Previously the Bible has been presented after the Crowning. It will now be presented after the Oath and before the Communion by the Moderator, with the words: "Here is Wisdom; this is the royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God."

ROYAL ACTIVITIES, A GIFT FOR HER MAJESTY, AND THE BIBLE FOR THE CORONATION CEREMONY.



A GIFT FROM NEW ENGLAND TO H.M. THE QUEEN ON HER CORONATION: A KENTUCKY RIFLE WHICH IS NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE ARMOURIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON. The Society of Massachusetts Arms Collectors, through its President, Mr. John S. du Mont, has presented to H.M. the Queen, on the occasion of her Coronation, an example of the rare flint-lock American fire-arm known as the Kentucky rifle of the late eighteenth century. Her Majesty has deposited it in the Armouries of the Tower of London for permanent exhibition. These rifles, despite the name by which they are generally known, were largely produced in Pennsylvania, and in the hands of good marksmen were entirely accurate up to a range of 200 yards.



THE COWDRAY PARK POLO TEAM: (FROM L. TO R.) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH; LIEUT.-COLONEL P. W. DOLLAR; LIEUT.-COLONEL A. F. HARPER; AND LIEUT.-COLONEL W. H. G. GERARD-LEIGH. On May 9, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh played polo for the Cowdray Park team against Polo Cottage in the semi-final for the Tyro Cup. The match was watched by a crowd of about 3000. Cowdray Park won by 6 goals to 4, the Duke of Edinburgh scoring an excellent goal.



ON HER WAY TO JOIN HER CHILDREN AT BALMORAL: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH HER CORGIS AT LONDON AIRPORT ON MAY 9.

On May 9, H.M. the Queen flew from London Airport in a Viking of the Queen's Flight to Dyce Airfield, near Aberdeen, to join the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, who had travelled to Balmoral by train the previous evening. Her Majesty was accompanied by her two Corgis on the flight. The Duke of Edinburgh, who had been playing polo, flew north on May 10 in a twin-engined training aircraft from White Waltham Airfield, Berkshire.



(LEFT.) AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE QUEEN—IN ALL 14 FT. TALL—WHICH IS NOW DISCLOSED AS PART OF THE CORONATION DECORATIONS OF A FAMOUS OXFORD STREET DEPARTMENTAL STORE.

(RIGHT.) QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS, DRIVING WITH KING HAAKON (SALUTING) FROM THE AIRPORT INTO OSLO, AT THE BEGINNING OF HER VISIT TO NORWAY. ON THE ARRIVAL OF QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD, THEY WERE MET BY KING HAAKON AND CROWN PRINCE OLAV.

For Queen Juliana's visit Oslo was decorated in the Dutch and Norwegian colours, and the Queen of the Netherlands, who is very popular in Norway, had a great reception on her arrival. After laying a wreath at the Patriots' Memorial at Akershus Castle, Queen Juliana visited Oslo's new Town Hall. Queen Juliana, a week before, had celebrated her forty-fourth birthday, and the celebrations included a march-past at Amsterdam, the biggest of its kind since the liberation of the Netherlands.



PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



(Left.)

MR. EDWARD SHANKS.

Died on May 4, aged sixty. A well-known author and journalist, for more than thirty years he was a distinguished figure in the English literary scene. In 1919 he won the first Hawthornden Prize for Imaginative Literature with his "Queen of China, and Other Poems." He was also a novelist, critic and essayist.



(Right.)

MR. GEORGE BUNDUCK.

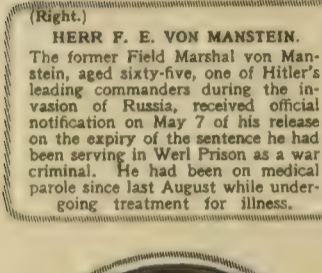
Returned to Britain on May 6 after having been virtually a prisoner in the British Embassy in Moscow for five years. He was included in the recent Soviet amnesty. An employee at the British Embassy, he was sentenced by a Soviet Court in 1948 to eighteen months imprisonment and a fine of about £300 for alleged offences against a girl.



(Left.)

LORD ROSEBERY.

Nominated president of the M.C.C. in succession to the Duke of Beaufort, from October 1. Lord Rosebery, as Lord Dalmeny, captained Surrey in 1905, 1906 and 1907, and was later president of the county. He also assisted Buckinghamshire and Middlesex. As a member of the Jockey Club, he is even better known to followers of the Turf.



(Right.)

HERR F. E. VON MANSTEIN.

The former Field Marshal von Manstein, aged sixty-five, one of Hitler's leading commanders during the invasion of Russia, received official notification on May 7 of his release on the expiry of the sentence he had been serving in Werl Prison as a war criminal. He had been on medical parole since last August while undergoing treatment for illness.



(Left.)

BRIG.-GENERAL E. N. TANDY.

Died on May 6, aged seventy-three. He had been chairman of Abdulla and Co. Ltd. since 1933 and a director since 1921. Educated at Wellington and at the Royal Military Academy, he served in the Royal Artillery both in the South African War and in World War I. He was awarded the D.S.O. in 1917 and made a C.M.G. in 1918. He retired in 1921.

LEAVING THE JAPANESE EMBASSY FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO OF JAPAN.

Crown Prince Akihito of Japan was received by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Buckingham Palace on May 5. On May 6 he arrived in Edinburgh for a four-day visit, and then went to stay at Cragside, Northumberland, as the guest of Lord Armstrong. He is due back in London on May 17.

(Right.)

MONSIEUR C. KASTALLY.

Shot dead in the streets of Tunis on May 2, the eve of the first municipal elections in Tunisia. M. C. Kastally aged seventy, vice-chairman of the Municipal Council in Tunis, was one of the most prominent Tunisian politicians, a moderate Nationalist, willing to co-operate with the French. The assassin escaped, but an arrest was made later.

**SIR IVONE KIRKPATRICK.**

To succeed Sir William Strang as Permanent Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office, next autumn. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, born 1897, British High Commissioner for Germany, was previously Permanent Under-Secretary of State, F.O. (German Affairs). He was *en poste* in Berlin, 1933-38 as First Secretary; and acted as Mr. Chamberlain's interpreter in his conversations with Hitler.



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE 1953 EVEREST EXPEDITION WHICH IS BEING LED BY COLONEL JOHN HUNT.

This photograph of the members of the 1953 British Everest Expedition shows (l. to r., standing): Dr. L. G. C. Pugh, Major C. G. Wylie, W. Noyce, C. C. Band, J. A. Jackson (reserve) and M. Westmacott. Seated: Dr. R. C. Evans, Colonel John Hunt, T. D. Bourdillon and A. Gregory. Members of the expedition not shown above are Dr. M. Ward, E. P. Hillary, G. Lowe and T. Stobart. The zero date for launching the British climbers' assault on Everest was May 15. Other photographs illustrating the present attempt appear elsewhere in this issue.

**SIR F. HOYER MILLAR.**

To succeed Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick as British High Commissioner in Germany. Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar has been Permanent United Kingdom Representative on the North Atlantic Council in Paris since 1952. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1923; became Asst. Under-Secretary F.O. in 1947; was appointed Minister, British Embassy, Washington, in 1948, and U.K. Deputy, N.A.T.O., in 1950.



THE NEW THAI AMBASSADOR: HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE WONGSANUVATRA DEVAKULA.

On May 6 his Serene Highness Prince Wongsanuvatra Devakula was received in audience by her Majesty the Queen when he presented his Letters of Credence as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from the Kingdom of Thailand to the Court of St. James's. The new Ambassador was accompanied by members of the Thai Embassy.

**SIR WILLIAM STRANG.**

Permanent Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office, since 1949. Sir William Strang, leading expert on Germany and well acquainted with Russia, reached retiring age last year, but at Mr. Eden's request agreed to stay on until next autumn. He entered the Foreign Office in 1919 after serving with the Army in World War I. He was Political Adviser to C.-in-C. British Forces of Occupation, Germany, 1945-47.



RECEIVING THE "WOLF OF ROME" STATUE: MR. W. HANSON, WHO WON THE GRAND PRIX OF ROME.

Our photograph shows the Mayor of Rome presenting the "Wolf of Rome" statue to Mr. W. Hanson, who won the Grand Prix of Rome with his horse *The Monarch* on May 6. The Grand Prix is a precision competition over a course of eighteen big, solid fences, including the water jump, in a circuit of a little less than half a mile.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS IN LONDON, SUSSEX, PARIS AND THE U.S.



BUILT TO GUARD THE TOWN FROM PERILS BY SEA: THE TWELFTH-CENTURY YPRES TOWER, RYE, AS IT WAS BEFORE SUFFERING SERIOUS DAMAGE FROM ENEMY ACTION DURING WORLD WAR II. (By Courtesy of Adams of Rye.)



NOW IN PROCESS OF RESTORATION FROM DAMAGE DONE BY ENEMY ACTION IN WORLD WAR II. THE YPRES TOWER, RYE, A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING MASONS AT WORK.

Rye, one of the Sussex "ports of stranded pride" from which the sea has receded, is a beautiful and historic town. It was given to the Abbey of Fécamp by Edward the Confessor and reclaimed by Henry III., who made it a Cinque Port. The French sacked it thrice in the fourteenth century. One of its ancient monuments, the grim, twelfth-century Ypres Tower, was seriously damaged by enemy action during the recent war. The Ministry of Works, in conjunction with the Rye local authorities, have now begun the task of restoration.



CLEANING NELSON'S MONUMENT FOR THE CORONATION: STEEPLE-JACKS AT THE TOP OF THE 185-FT. COLUMN, BEFORE BEGINNING. THEY CAN ONLY CLEAN THE BRONZE STATUE, CAPITAL AND PANELS.



THE FORTHCOMING TEST FIRING OF THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC SHELL IN NEVADA, U.S.A.: AN ARMED GUARD STANDING BY THE TWO 280-MM. ARTILLERY GUNS TO BE USED FOR THE TEST.

The U.S. Army is to fire the world's first atomic shell from its new 280-mm. artillery gun in the spring Nevada tests. The guns arrived at Nellis Air Force Base on May 3 for assembly prior to moving under their own power to the atomic test site. Eight flat railway trucks were required for them to make the journey. May 23 is reported to be the day fixed for the test.



POSED WITH HIS "GOAT AND BOTTLE," A SCULPTURE OF CORRUGATED METAL, WITH BICYCLE HANDLES FOR HORNS AND NAILS FOR HAIR: PABLO PICASSO, MOST CONTROVERSIAL OF ARTISTS. Pablo Picasso, examples of whose work between 1898-1936 on view at the Lefevre Gallery, London, are priced in four-figure sums, is showing in Paris a new sculpture of a "Goat and Bottle." The goat is of corrugated metal, with bicycle handles for horns and nails for hair.



BURNING FURIOUSLY ON BRIGHTON BEACH: THE KETCH RUSTLER MEETS HER END AFTER HER OWNER HAD SPENT MANY HOURS OVER MANY MONTHS TRYING TO REFLOAT HER. The 25-ton ketch *Rustler*, which was blown ashore on Brighton beach in August 1951, has now met her end, for on May 7 she was burnt out in her own funeral pyre. Her owner had for many months made repeated efforts to refloat her, but after further damage by storm in March abandoned the attempt.

LAOS: ITS KING AND CAPITAL, AND THE FORTIFIED PLAIN OF JARS.



THE LUANG PRABANG, THE GOLDEN BUDDHA OF LAOS, FROM WHICH THE ROYAL CAPITAL TAKES ITS NAME AND DRAWS ITS RELIGIOUS IMPORTANCE. REPUTED TO BE AT LEAST 1100 YEARS OLD.



TYPICAL LAOTIAN DWELLING-HOUSES, RAISED ON PILES. THE CAPITAL, LUANG PRABANG, IS DESCRIBED AS FULL OF TEMPLES, PALMS AND FRAGRANT FLOWERING TREES.



THE KING OF LAOS, SISAVANG VONG, CONFERRING A DECORATION ON ONE OF HIS SUBJECTS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT LUANG PRABANG, WHICH HE REFUSED TO LEAVE, DESPITE THE APPROACH OF THE VIET MINH ARMIES.



A FRENCH PARATROOPER WATCHES THE OPEN COUNTRY IN THE LIMESTONE UPLANDS OF THE PLAIN OF JARS. HERE SUPPLY AND REINFORCEMENT BY AIR HAVE BUILT UP THE MAIN FRENCH UNION STRENGTH.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MEKONG RIVER NEAR LUANG PRABANG, SHOWING THE FOLDED AND DENSELY-WOODED COUNTRY, FAVOURABLE TO AN INVADER WHO IS CHOOSING HIS OWN OBJECTIVES AND LINES OF ATTACK.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE FRENCH-HELD AIRSTRIP IN THE PLAIN OF JARS—SO-CALLED BECAUSE OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF FUNERARY JARS WHICH ARE SCATTERED OVER ITS SURFACE.



IN THE PLAIN OF JARS, WHERE THE FRENCH UNION FORCES BUILT UP THEIR STRENGTH BY AIR SUPPLY. IN THEIR ADVANCE, THE VIET MINH FORCES AVOIDED ACTION AND BY-PASSED THIS STRONG-POINT.

The Communist invasion of the remote kingdom of Laos (as reported in our issue of May 2) started early in April and was mounted in considerable force. Hardly any action, beyond the over-running of a few small posts, took place, and French Union and Laotian forces withdrew to two main points, the Royal capital of Luang Prabang and the not-very-distant plateau, the Plain of Jars, both of which could be reinforced and supplied by air. The Communist troops did not seek action but by-passed it, and by May 5 were within sight of Luang Prabang,

within 30 miles of the administrative capital, Vientiane, on the Laos-Siam border, and appeared to have another post on this border, Paksane, at their mercy. On May 7, however, messages from Indo-China reported that the Communist Viet Minh forces were withdrawing on a large number of fronts towards Northern Laos; and the withdrawal appeared by May 10 to be quite definite. It was, however, believed that about one division remained, possibly with a view of leaving substantial strongholds behind in Sieng Khong and Sam Neua.

THE COMMUNIST INVASION OF LAOS: LANDSCAPES OF A MYSTERIOUS CAMPAIGN.



OPEN COUNTRY IN THE TRANS-NINH DISTRICT OF LAOS, NOT FAR FROM SIENG KHONG, WHERE IT WAS THOUGHT THE WITHDRAWING VIET MINH MIGHT LEAVE A POCKET OF RESISTANCE.



WORKING IN AN OPIUM-POPPY FIELD IN THE TRANS-NINH UPLANDS: WOMEN OF THE MEOS, ONE OF THE THREE RACES OF WHICH THE POPULATION OF LAOS IS MADE UP.



MAKING A DEFENSIVE POSITION NOT FAR FROM SIENG KHONG, IN CENTRAL LAOS: FRENCH UNION FORCES DIGGING IN. IN THIS CONFUSED BUT ALMOST BLOODLESS CAMPAIGN, THIS DISTRICT IS NOW BELIEVED HELD BY THE VIET MINH.



GENERAL LECHERES, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCE, WHO REACHED HANOI FROM FRANCE ON MAY 4 FOR AN INSPECTION TOUR OF THE INDO-CHINA SPHERES OF ACTION.



THE ROAD FROM SIENG KHONG TO PAKSANE; A POST ON THE MEKONG RIVER, ADJOINING SIAM, WHICH WAS BELIEVED AT ONE TIME TO BE AT THE MERCY OF THE VIET MINH FORCES.



A PACK-TRAIN OF A NORTH LAOS UNIT MOVING THROUGH OPEN UPLAND. THIS PHOTOGRAPH CONTRASTS SHARPLY WITH THAT ON THE LEFT, IN SHOWING LAOTIAN LANDSCAPE.

The Communist invasion of Laos, with its appeal to Thai nationalism—there being Thais in Laos, Siam, Burma, Tongking and China—called for greater international attention than many other Asian disturbances. Substantial aid was promised to the French Union forces by the United States, and indeed the Government of Siam urged the U.S. to expedite such help. U.S. transport aircraft reached Hanoi on May 6 and more were expected shortly. On May 7 Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, declared that the attack on Laos was a

straightforward case of aggression which threatened the whole of South-East Asia and Japan; and a sub-committee of the Foreign Affairs Committee recommended that the Laos attack be placed before the United Nations. The French Government, however, is believed to be against U.N. action, for fear of encouraging the entry of Chinese "volunteers" in the manner of Korea. The Communist withdrawal, whether dictated by the approach of the monsoon or for political reasons, did, however, appear to give time for international reaction to take effect.



SCENE OF TRIUMPH OR DISAPPOINTMENT? EVEREST—THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN—A VIEW TAKEN FROM 20,000 FT. ON PUMORI, SHOWING THE ICE-FALL IN THE FOREGROUND LEADING TO THE WEST CWM, AND LHOTSE IN THE BACKGROUND. ON MAY 15, THE BRITISH EXPEDITION WAS DUE TO LAUNCH THE ASSAULT ON THE LAST GRIM BARRIERS TO THE SUMMIT.

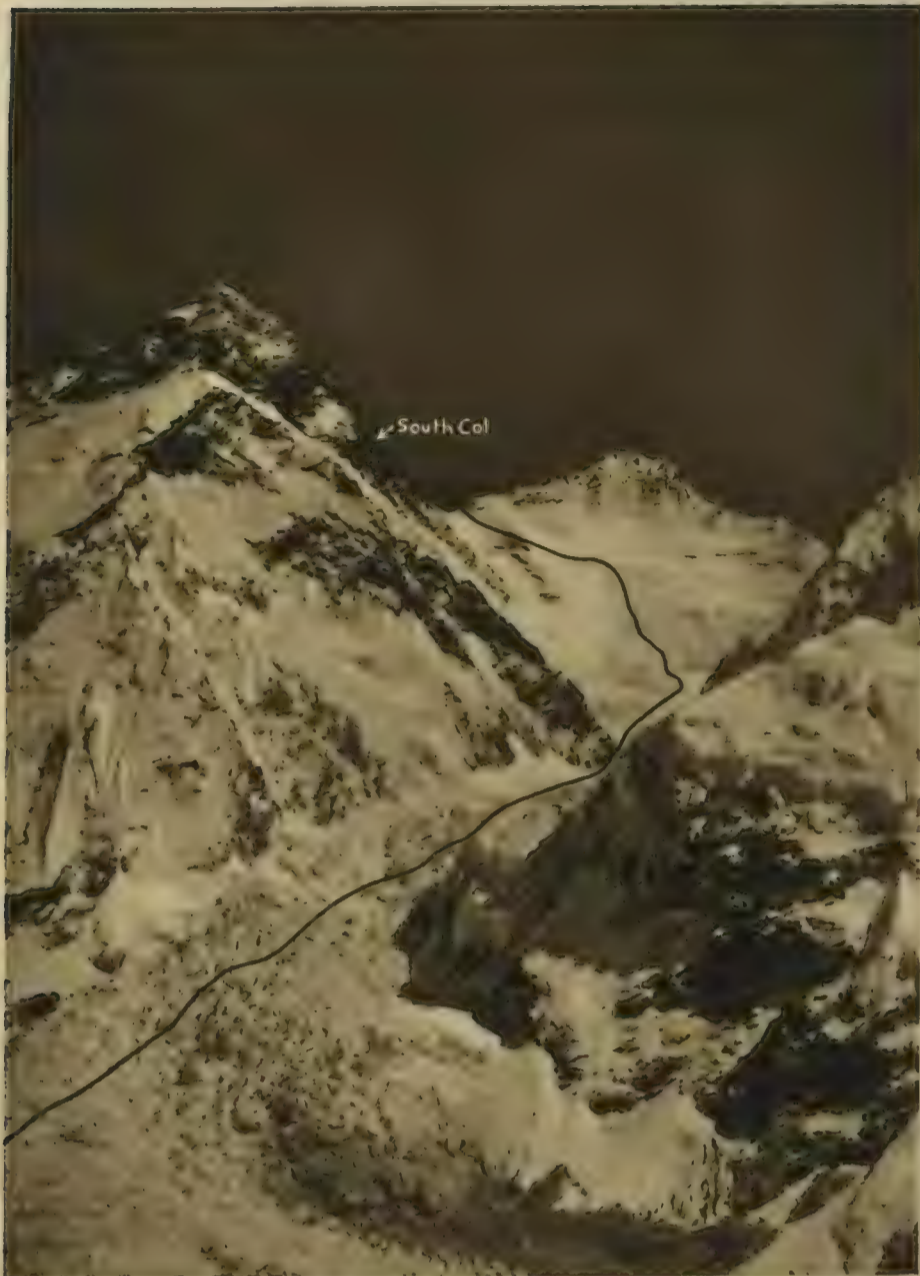
At the time of writing, well-wishers throughout the world are anxiously awaiting news from Everest, where the British Expedition, led by Colonel John Hunt, is seeking to conquer the majestic but grim peak of the world's highest mountain. Since 1852, when the height of the peak was first computed, the idea of climbing Everest has appeared as a challenge to mountaineers, but it was not until 1921 that the first full Mount Everest Expedition was sent out. Except for the two Swiss expeditions in 1952, the attempts to scale Everest have always been organised and led by British societies and climbers. What are the chances of success of the 1953 expedition? Mr. Eric Shipton, who prepared the way for the present expedition in his 1951

Reconnaissance, says: "It is difficult to make a confident assessment of its chances of success, because the most vital factor, the weather, is also the most imponderable. . . I would, however, go so far as to say that, weather apart, the present expedition stands a better chance of success than any of its predecessors. It has been lavishly equipped. The accumulated experience of the past and the very great advance made in recent years in the manufacture of materials have made available equipment far superior to any used before the war." Colonel John Hunt, leader of the present expedition, says: "No matter how good our equipment and our plans, no matter how well prepared we are for the final bid, success will depend ultimately on the luck of the

weather. Indications so far have been that a spell of calm, fine weather before the monsoon, such as is essential for our success, is rather the exception than the rule. This sobering thought is, perhaps, a necessary corrective to any unbounded optimism; but it will neither dim our confidence nor weaken our resolve." In a broadcast from London on May 9, M. René Dittert sent a message to the members of the British Everest Expedition which summed up, very touchingly, the immediate prospects facing the mountaineers: "My English is bad, and in few words only, in the name of all my friends of the Swiss Everest expedition of 1952, I send you all my best wishes. I suppose that now you will have crossed the ice-fall and you are

just beginning to carry all your stuff in the Western Cwm. I know that it is a hard and dangerous job, but I am sure that in a few days all will be ready to go farther. I like to warn you to be very, very careful climbing the southern butt, but to go on with all your forces and energy, it is necessary, and this big problem will be O.K. for you, as it was for us last year in the spring, when we reached the col for the first time. And after, the way to Everest's top will be open. You need chance for the last 3,000 ft. on the south-eastern ridge, but with all my heart I hope you will have the luck which failed us in '52. With all my heart I hope you will succeed. Good luck, my English friends!"

THE CHALLENGE, AND PREPARATIONS FOR THE EVEREST ATTEMPT.



THE ROUTE TO THE SOUTH COL FROM THE HEAD OF THE WESTERN CWM: A VIEW FROM ONE OF THE RIDGES OF PUMORI, SHOWING THE PEAK OF EVEREST (LEFT) AND THE ICE-FALL (FOREGROUND) LEADING BACK BETWEEN EVEREST AND NUPITSE (RIGHT) TO THE SOUTH COL.



THE ROUTE UP EVEREST TAKEN BY THE SWISS EXPEDITION IN THE SPRING OF 1952: A SKETCH-MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CAMPS AND INDICATING THE GREAT HEIGHT REACHED BY THE CLIMBERS IN THEIR GALLANT ATTEMPT.



TESTING OUT TWO TYPES OF OXYGEN EQUIPMENT ON AMADABLAM AT 18,500 FT.: DR. R. C. EVANS WEARING "CLOSED-CIRCUIT" EQUIPMENT, AND MR. T. D. BOURDILLON WEARING "OPEN-CIRCUIT" EQUIPMENT.



WEARING OXYGEN EQUIPMENT WHILE UNDERTAKING A CLIMB DURING THE FIRST ACCLIMATISATION PERIOD: W. NOYCE TACKLING A SNOW RIDGE OF A PEAK IN THE CHOLA KHOLA VALLEY. NOYCE AND WARD CARRIED OUT AN ENDURANCE TEST WITH THE "OPEN-CIRCUIT" EQUIPMENT.

Members of the 1953 British Everest Expedition are now closing in for the final assault on the 29,002-ft. peak. Their general approach from the head of the Khumbu glacier up the ice-fall through the West Cwm and the South Col ridge of Lhotse to Everest is that reconnoitred by Eric Shipton in 1951 and followed by the Swiss expedition last year. This route is illustrated in the photograph (top, left) and sketch-map on this page. While all that is humanly possible has been done

to equip this expedition to meet the challenge of the grim peak, two unpredictable factors will finally decide between triumph and disappointment or even tragedy—these two are weather and luck without which no expedition can succeed. The climbers are equipped with wireless sets for two purposes: inter-communication between camps on the mountain and reception of weather bulletins; arrangements for the latter are being made by the Indian Meteorological Services.

Photographs by arrangement with "The Times."



DURING THE PERIOD OF ACCLIMATIZATION BEFORE THE ASSAULT ON EVEREST: A CAMP SET UP ON MERA COL. IN THE BACKGROUND IS AMADABLAM (22,300FT.).



LIMBERING UP BEFORE TACKLING EVEREST: A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION CLIMBING ON CHUKKUNG PEAK (19,500 FT.), WHERE OXYGEN EQUIPMENT WAS TESTED.

LIMBERING UP FOR THE ASSAULT ON EVEREST: MEMBERS OF THE 1953 EXPEDITION DURING THE ACCLIMATIZATION PERIOD.

The important periods of acclimatization before the members of the British Everest Expedition started to climb Everest itself were used for experiments with the oxygen equipment and for initiating the Sherpas into its use. Basically the expedition is relying on a fully proven system based on the "open-circuit" principle; that is, an apparatus by which oxygen is administered to the climber from a bottle carried on the back and is breathed out into the surrounding air. Under this system, there is thus no conservation of the oxygen. Once breathed,

it is lost. The expedition has also taken some experimental equipment constructed by Dr. R. B. Bourdillon and his son, the latter a member of the expedition. These are based on the "closed-circuit" principle. Under this system the climber receives 100 per cent. oxygen from the bottle. A proportion of the oxygen breathed from the storage bottle is conserved and rebreathed, thus increasing the "life" of the storage bottle and reducing the problem of stock-piling. It is still in an experimental stage in regard to work at high altitudes.

Photographs by arrangement with "The Times."



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ONCE upon a time—and that was long ago—I had a great rush of brains to the head, a strong surge of commercial horticultural brilliance, in connection with the Alpine plant

nursery that I was then running at Stevenage. I conceived the idea of getting together and working up a very large stock of *Primula nivalis*, and so making a whole lot of money. Now there are two quite distinct *Primulas* going about under the name *nivalis*. There is the true—botanically true—*P. nivalis*, a very beautiful species, which is widely distributed in Central Asia, and sparsely distributed in Britain on account of the difficulty of growing it—and there is what might be called *Primula nivalis* of gardens. This has been in cultivation for a very long time indeed, especially in Scotland. What its origin or its parentage may have been no one seems to know for certain. It may have been discovered and collected in the Alps as a freak, an albino, or white-flowered form of one of the European rock-haunting species, such as *P. hirsuta*, or *rubra*. On the other hand, it may have occurred as a hybrid, in the huge and varied family of hybrids known collectively under the name of *Primula pubescens*. If it is a *pubescens* hybrid, then almost certainly one of the parents was an albino variety, possibly of *P. rubra*. But whether *P. nivalis* of gardens is a freak form of a true species or a bastard—in a long line of bastards—matters little to such garden lovers as grow plants for their personal beauty. In horticulture, bastardy carries no reproach. In fact, it is encouraged and welcomed, even in the first generation.

In leaf and habit, *Primula nivalis* looks like a small, compact auricula, with many snow-white flowers carried in a roundish head. They are deliciously fragrant. When enjoying life in a soil and a climate that suit it, the plant grows with great freedom, making wide clumps of leafy crowns and masses of blossom. But that happens mostly in Scotland. In the south it seldom flourishes with real abandon, and in many gardens is strangely reluctant and temperamental. It enjoys the soft, rich, alluvial soils that one somehow associates with the North; but, above all, it craves a cool, moist climate. There may be, and probably are, gardens in England where this primula prospers reasonably well, but Scotland has always been its real spiritual home. I do not think it is as plentiful to-day as it was forty or fifty years ago. One heard of gardens, especially kitchen gardens, where *Primula nivalis* was grown as an edging plant; edgings a foot or more wide, and many yards in length, in lieu of box. It was from such a garden that I planned to obtain a healthy and plentiful nucleus stock of *Primula nivalis* when I decided to go all out for it in my nursery. At the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh, a member of the staff told me of a man who lived at Buckie and had great quantities of the plant. And so, with a companion, to Buckie I went, and found the place being swept by the most vicious gale of wind that I ever detested. My companion and I were told that our *Primula King* was working with a hoe in a field a mile or two out of town. So violent was the gale that when my companion's walking-stick slipped from his hand, it was blown at great speed for a hundred yards along the road before he could overtake it. A hat blown down a street in a strong wind is a common sight. But never before had I seen a walking-stick bounding along in the same way.

Incidentally, my companion did not know the ropes, the technique of hat—or stick—chasing in a wind. There is no need to chase. Always there are

WILD GOOSE CHASE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

half-a-dozen people around, only too pleased and eager to do the chasing. Keep quite calm, and the hat will return automatically.

Out in the fields beyond the town—where we eventually found our man—vast clouds of alluvial soil, like smoke from a bush fire, were being blown far out over the sea. Our *Primula King* told us that he had had a fine lot of *P. nivalis* in his garden, but his wife's hens had destroyed the lot, a year or two ago. He told us, however, that gardens in a certain town

gardens. If he had brought a sackful or two of *nivalis* and we had discovered their origin, the dent in my conscience might have exceeded the dent in the bank balance.

The plants of *Primula nivalis* that I took home never prospered, and never multiplied into the great stock and moderate fortune that I had planned and pictured. It was not a case of retribution or poetic justice. I have grown *nivalis* quite fairly well since

then. It simply was that I did not start off with a sufficiently large and opulent stock. That may seem a strange, illogical theory, but in practice I have found more than once that if you start with, or hold, a large stock of certain plants, you can not go wrong, especially with some primulas; but if the stock falls below a certain level, the few remaining specimens seem to become discouraged, and persist in melting away altogether. I can remember two instances of this inexplicable phenomenon. Some years before World War I, I had at my nursery a very fine polyanthus primrose which I called "Six Hills Scarlet." I started with a dozen or two specimens and they increased rapidly. Its flowers were as near scarlet—of a very pleasing tone—as any polyanthus I ever saw, and they had a subtle quality which is hard to define. I remember paying a visit at the time to that great gardener and grower of choice plants, the late Charles E. Buxton, at Bettws-y-Coed. The first thing I saw when we went out into the garden was a flare of splendid red in the middle distance. To my exclamation and enquiry

what this splendour was, Buxton laughed: "You ought to know it." It was polyanthus "Six Hills Scarlet."

At the nursery we had a very large stock indeed, and it sold extremely well. Too well. We suddenly found ourselves reduced to three or four plants. A few years of quiet propagation would put us on our feet again—or so we thought. Not a bit of it. From that moment "Six Hills Scarlet" sulked and dwindled. Nothing seemed to please it or encourage it, and in a year or two the last specimen faded out. What the plant did in the gardens to which such hundreds had been distributed I could never discover, and never again did I see that good plant.

Much the same sort of thing happened to a charming double primrose called "Buxton's Blue." It was first given to me by the same Charles E. Buxton, and in my private garden it grew—unlike so many of the double primroses—extremely well, and covered itself each spring with quantities of double flowers the colour of a Parma violet. It grew and increased so readily that I started giving away roots to certain friends who admired it, and who seemed worthy of such a treasure, until in the end I found I had been silly about it. Too generous. I was reduced to a

single specimen, and that not a very good one. I got the wind up, and so too, apparently, did "Buxton's Blue." Very soon it had sulked itself to death. Or can it have been that I was too solicitous, and fussed the poor thing to death? It may have been that. But nevertheless I still cling to an illogical theory that in certain cases a plant, or a stock of a plant, finding itself a sole survivor or almost so, passes out through sheer discouragement and funk.

It surprises me that no one seems to have taken up growing the old *Primula nivalis* on a big scale in Scotland. It is a plant of quite exceptional charm. A really big stock would be a good commercial proposition, for all who know the plant want it, and all who see it for the first time want it, and that surely is what every nurseryman wants.



"IN LEAF AND HABIT, *PRIMULA NIVALIS* [OF GARDENS] LOOKS LIKE A SMALL, COMPACT AURICULA, WITH MANY SNOW-WHITE FLOWERS CARRIED IN A ROUNDISH HEAD. THEY ARE DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE FLOWER-HEADS OF *PRIMULA NIVALIS* OF GARDENS. THIS PLANT IS SOMETIMES (AND PERHAPS MORE CORRECTLY) CALLED *PRIMULA X PUBESCENS* VAR. *ALBA*. THE TRUE *PRIMULA NIVALIS* IS A NATIVE OF CENTRAL ASIA. IT HAS LARGE, NARROW, DARK-GREEN LEAVES, DENSELY COVERED WITH MEAL, AND THE FLOWER-STALKS HAVE SHAPELY HEADS OF LARGE, PURPLE FLOWERS.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

were stiff with the plant, and he gave us the name of a man there who would procure for us as many roots as we could possibly want. When the hunt is up—the plant hunt—I am apt to become reckless. I hired a car to take us to the Town of the *Primulas* and to *Primula King* II. I forget how far it was, except that the fare made an appreciable dent in the bank balance. We ran our man to earth that evening, in a pub, but he was in no condition to discuss *Primula nivalis*. When we met him next morning, hope ran high. But late that afternoon he brought us a dozen or two not very prosperous roots of *nivalis*. That was all the expedition yielded. But in a way it was just as well. We discovered—after the bargain was settled and concluded—that he was a jobbing gardener, with access, doubtless, to many local private

THE NAVY'S HELICOPTERS IN MALAYA.



USING A FOOTBALL PITCH AT AN ADVANCED POLICE STATION IN THE JUNGLE AS A LANDING-GROUND: HELICOPTERS IN MALAYA, WHERE THEY ARE BEING USED TO FERRY RELIEFS TO THE NEW JUNGLE FORTS.



SIGNALLING LANDING INSTRUCTIONS TO A HELICOPTER PILOT: A BRITISH SOLDIER STANDS BY THE WHITE PANELS OF THE LANDING MARKER IN A JUNGLE CLEARING.



BUILDING A SHELTER WITH BAMBOO POLES IN THE JUNGLE: MALAYAN POLICE ESTABLISHING A JUNGLE FORT WHICH WILL BE SUPPLIED BY HELICOPTERS.

The first British operational helicopter squadron, No. 848 Squadron, arrived at Singapore on January 8 in the aircraft-carrier *Perseus* for service with the Army in Malaya. The Squadron consists of ten S-55 Sikorsky helicopters which can carry ten passengers or eight to six fully-equipped soldiers for a distance of 400 miles at 80 miles an hour and land in a circle of just over 50 yards diameter. On March 20 these helicopters were used for the first time operationally when they flew Gurkha reinforcements to a patrol operating deep in the jungle. Helicopters are now being used to take supplies and reliefs to the jungle forts now being established in clearings in the jungle. Smaller helicopters of the R.A.F. Casualty Evacuation Flight have been operating in Malaya for many months and have proved invaluable in getting wounded and sick soldiers from the depths of the jungle to hospital in a few hours.

A NEW WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD.

On May 4 an English Electric *Canberra* bomber, powered by two Bristol *Olympus* turbo-jet engines, was flown to a height of 63,668 ft. by Wing Commander W. F. Gibb, the Bristol Aeroplane Company's assistant chief test pilot, who had with him as flight observer Mr. F. M. Piper. This sets up a new world altitude record (Class C—Aeroplanes). On March 23, 1948, Group Captain John Cunningham, chief test pilot of the De Havilland Aircraft Company, flew a D.H. *Vampire* fighter, powered by a D.H. *Ghost* turbo-jet engine, to a height of 59,446 ft. The absolute altitude record is still held by two U.S.A.F. officers who, in November 1935, reached a height of 72,395 ft. in a balloon over South Dakota. The *Canberra* was in the air for just over an hour, and climbed at a rate of about 3000 ft. a minute. The pilot stated that he could see the Irish coast 200 miles away, although visibility was very restricted in some directions. Of the five altitude records established since 1932 by Great Britain, four have been made with Bristol engines. A new world altitude record must exceed the previous best by 4 per cent. The new record exceeds by 4222 ft. (7 per cent.) the previous record.



THE AIRCRAFT WHICH HAS SET UP A NEW WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD OF 63,668 FT.: A VIEW OF THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC *CANBERRA* BOMBER, POWERED BY TWO BRISTOL *OLYMPUS* TURBO-JET ENGINES, WHICH WAS FLOWN BY WING COMMANDER W. F. GIBB.



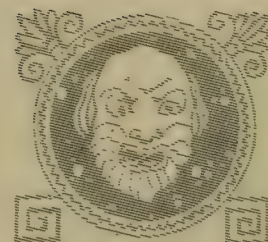
SITTING IN THE COCKPIT OF THE RECORD-BREAKING *CANBERRA*: WING COMMANDER W. F. GIBB, THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY'S ASSISTANT CHIEF TEST PILOT, WHO REACHED A HEIGHT OF OVER 12 MILES.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

SACERDOTAL.

By ALAN DENT.



WITH a courage that has been crowned with great success, the Curzon has put on Robert Bresson's film, "Diary of a Country Priest," which is an adaptation to the screen of a celebrated novel by Georges Bernanos. This film is—in a single, plain, highly committal word—a masterpiece. But having said so, I must immediately qualify the declaration by adding that it is a masterpiece for which I have neither love nor sympathy.

All persons who are lucky enough to be blessed with an assured and unquestioning religious faith will probably find this film to be deeply satisfying in its spiritual as well as its aesthetic values. Spiritually—in so far as I am able to write of things of the spirit—I find it deeply dissatisfying. Believe me, I approach it without levity, and when I entitle my examination of it "Sacerdotal," I use the word in its strict Oxford-Dictionary sense: "Applied to doctrines that assert the existence in the Christian Church of an order of priests charged with sacrificial functions and invested with supernatural powers transmitted to them in ordination." But before I become too serious, let me make clear what it is that I tend to become too serious about.

In this film, a young priest, in the Artois district of France, tells us—very largely in his own words—how he failed with the recalcitrant and complacent flock entrusted to his unpractised care, and how he eventually found in his own death a solution to the mystery of life. From the very start the young priest—who goes unnamed—is obviously doomed to early sacrifice. He is a weakling physically and by inheritance, and he aggravates this condition by trying to live wholly upon bread soaked in wine. Obviously—though it is nowhere declared—this has reference to the Eucharist, the Christian Sacrament.

A much older priest in a neighbouring district—one who has learned to accept and to make the necessary compromises with life as it has to be lived—argues with the young votary in terms which sound to me like sterling good sense. But the votary is heedless, and continues in his uneasy dream. We see

pinus over the death of an infant son. The Count finds solace with his daughter's governess. The daughter is a young cynic who tells the priest sneeringly that his way of life is futile and that her whole family is far beyond any kind of redemption that he can offer. After a long interview in which the Countess is persuaded by the priest that her grief over her lost son is a fundamental impiety, the Countess dies of angina

in when the life-work, as in this case, has been so graceless, blundering and inadequate. But then, this may merely be because I have a benighted habit of bringing logic into my ecstasies and my wish-fulfilments.

As a piece of film-making and as a symposium of most delicate and subtle and beautiful film-acting, this picture deserves all the high praise it has been given by film-critics who are in the first class, who are good personal friends of mine, and who will be disappointed because the film itself—which is undoubtedly a rare experience—has not succeeded in converting me from what they may or may not mistake for utter materialism.

A less rare experience called "I Confess," which has just begun its existence at the Warner, has really nothing whatever in common with the above masterpiece except that it also concerns a young priest (played with fervency by Montgomery Clift). The unusual setting is Quebec, and the usual set-up is that the priest had been in love with a young woman (Anne Baxter) who is now married but is being blackmailed. The blackmailer is murdered by the priest's servant, who confesses to the crime. But, alas! the confession is not public, but private and in the ear of the young priest himself! The consequences are some not very metaphysical agony on the part of Mr. Clift, some vivid emotion by Miss Baxter, a good theatrical trial scene, and a final chase of the real murderer of the sort which the director, Alfred Hitchcock, never fails to provide.

That incomparably more important film at the Curzon, by the way, is preceded by a wonderful thing called "Ad Dei Honorem," an examination in close-up of the sixteenth-century wood-carvings in Schleswig



A FILM WHICH "HAS REALLY NOTHING WHATEVER IN COMMON WITH THE MASTERPIECE ["DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST"] EXCEPT THAT IT ALSO CONCERNS A YOUNG PRIEST": "I CONFESS" (WARNER BROS.), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH FATHER MICHAEL (MONTGOMERY CLIFT) HEARS THE CONFESSION OF KELLER (O. E. HASSE), AN EMPLOYEE AT HIS OWN CHURCH, WHO SAYS THAT HE HAS COMMITTED A MURDER.

pectoris the following morning. The priest is by no means entirely absolved from blame in this business. He has also laid himself open to a charge of drunkenness through the doggedness with which he subsists on nothing but a mystical diet. This austerity results in something which is unmistakably diagnosed as cancer of the stomach. The young priest dies in a kind of agonised bliss,

and his final overheard utterance is: "All is grace."

Let not any reader imagine that I am scoffing at this film's spiritual values and at its conclusion. Quite the contrary: I am simply puzzled and unconvinced by them. I write as one who spent many weeks in the middle of last year watching one (who was and is very near and dear to me) dying of cancer at the end of a by no means long life which was wholly devoted to healing and to the easing of pain in others. This was my sister, who acted also as a mother to me all my life. Did I murmur "All is grace" or any-

thing like it when I watched that poor soul's long struggle with an utterly unjust and unmerited agony? I certainly did not. And it may be that it is this experience in my own recent life which makes me pressing impatient with the self-inflicted disease and ultimate ecstasy of the young priest in this film. I fail to detect, really and truly, where the grace comes



"THIS FILM IS—IN A SINGLE, PLAIN, HIGHLY COMMITTAL WORD—A MASTERPIECE. BUT HAVING SAID SO, I MUST IMMEDIATELY QUALIFY THE DECLARATION BY ADDING THAT IT IS A MASTERPIECE FOR WHICH I HAVE NEITHER LOVE NOR SYMPATHY": "DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST," A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING CLAUDE LAYDU AS THE YOUNG PRIEST (RIGHT).

him teaching children the meaning of the Sacrament, and we view his mortification when the cleverest of the children tells him she has mastered the catechism only because it pleases him and because she admires his burning eyes.

He has an even profounder failure with a noble-ignoble family in the neighbourhood. The Countess



"AS A PIECE OF FILM-MAKING AND AS A SYMPOSIUM OF MOST DELICATE AND SUBTLE AND BEAUTIFUL FILM-ACTING, THIS PICTURE DESERVES ALL THE HIGH PRAISE IT HAS BEEN GIVEN. . .": "DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST," SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH THE PRIEST (CLAUDE LAYDU) TALKS TO THE CYNICAL CHANTAL (NICOLE LADMIRAL).

Cathedral. With a tact as unusual as it is effective, this awe-inspiring scrutiny is accompanied by no spoken commentary, but only by the music of Bach's "St. John Passion." This communicates an ecstasy whose nature I can understand, even if its source remains a mystery.

LIFE'S CONTRASTS: RESEARCH, ACHIEVEMENT, GAIETY AND DISASTER.



TAKING OFF AFTER MR. MENZIES HAD RELEASED IT BY PRESSING A BUTTON: AN AUSTRALIAN-DESIGNED JINDIVIK MARK I, PILOTLESS JET AIRCRAFT TESTED AT WOOMERA ON MAY 2. Mr. Menzies stood on a hill to press a button which released an Australian-designed Jindivik Mark I, pilotless jet aircraft from a launching platform a mile off at Woomera. It was under the radio control of a Meteor jet fighter which followed it. It returned from its flight to make a perfect landing.



AN UNUSUAL CRAFT WHICH RECENTLY MADE A VOYAGE ON THE SEINE: M. JEAN ROUSSEAU IN HIS SELF-CONSTRUCTED POCKET SUBMARINE MALAKOFF II. During the war remarkable feats of heroism were carried out by Naval commandos operating pocket submarines. Parisians recently had the opportunity of seeing a civilian in a self-built 18½-ft. pocket submarine, for M. Jean Rousseau made a trip on the Seine in his Malakoff II.



THE SHORT SB5 ADJUSTABLE WING RESEARCH AIRCRAFT: FOR TESTS FOR SWEEP-BACK WING HIGH-SPEED MACHINE HANDLING PROBLEMS. The Short SB 5 adjustable wing aircraft has been built to investigate problems which arise in the handling of swept-back wing, high-speed aircraft. It was designed by Short Bros. and Harland, so that different degrees of sweep-back can be applied to the wings. The angle of incidence in the tail plane can be varied in flight.



AN ACHIEVEMENT IN ROAD HAULAGE: A 106-FT.-LONG FRACTIONATING COLUMN FOR A CATALYTIC CRACKING PLANT, WEIGHING 65 TONS, WITH A DIAMETER OF 14 FT., PROCEEDING ALONG ROCHESTER BY-PASS. MADE IN GREENWICH, IT WAS GOING TO THE KENT OIL REFINERY.



A FAMOUS CORNISH FESTIVAL: FLORA DAY OPENS IN HELSTON WITH A PROCESSION LED BY THE TOWN BAND DRUMMER, THE MAYOR, TOP-HATTED DANCERS AND THEIR PARTNERS. The annual Flora Festival in Helston, Cornwall, was held on May 8 in brilliant sunshine. Many visitors from overseas who had come to England for the Coronation made the journey to Cornwall to watch the traditional procession and dances on this delightful occasion.



THE WRECK OF THE B.O.A.C. COMET JET AIRLINER WHICH CRASHED AFTER TAKING OFF FROM CALCUTTA ON MAY 2: MAIL BAGS, A PARASOL AND PORTIONS OF THE ENGINES AND THE FUSELAGE. Last week we illustrated part of the wreckage of the B.O.A.C. Comet jet airliner lost on May 2 with a death-roll of forty-three. This photograph gives a further idea of the widespread wreckage. Severe turbulence in a dust storm encountered is believed to have been a contributory cause of the disaster.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE ENGLISH PUB AND OTHER NOBLE THINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SOME years ago I met a Canadian in the train. He told me he had spent a glorious month in this old country and had seen all the things he should have seen and was returning home with his head stuffed with delight and information. He had gone to Westminster and the Tower and the National Gallery and the Wallace Collection; he had seen York and Bristol and Edinburgh and the Highlands; Oxford and Cambridge were unforgettable and the grey roofs of the Cotswolds and the upper reaches of the Thames and the misty hill-tops of Snowdonia; the variety of nature in so small an island. But, said he, there is something else about England which will remain with me, and that is the peculiar cosy atmosphere of the English pub, which has no parallel elsewhere in the world. He meant by that not the swept and garnished chromium-plated bar of the modern hostelry, but the little unhygienic places down side streets and in country towns and villages and by the river—the sort of pub in which Mr. Polly took refuge when the world became too overpowering, or the *Marquis of Granby* which, you will remember, was kept by Mrs. Weller and where the Rev. Mr. Stiggins made himself so very much at home in the little private cubby-hole behind the bar. Such places are still to be found and, if one may judge from this print (Fig. 1), have not changed very much during the last 200 years. Indeed, apart from the difference in dress and the type of bottle on the shelves, this scene could very well have been perpetrated to-day, only with more subtlety and pawkiness, in their several ways by Low or Giles or Ardizzone, who are in the direct line of descent from Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray, and Cruikshank. This print is one of about 180 prints and drawings which just now fill a decorous gallery of the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the Raphaels just round the corner, to prove that there is ample room for both high- and low-brows in heaven, with you and I, who are but mezzo- or mezzanine-brows, at home in both camps, navigating ourselves cheerfully between the excesses of aesthetic virtue and Philistine insensibility. The show is a loan exhibition called "English Life. How Our Ancestors Lived from 1700 to 1850," and carries out its aim with great good humour, with a bias in favour of social caricature. This John Collet, about whom I know nothing, is not to be compared with the greater names mentioned above, but he has produced an interesting social document in spite of his faults in drawing. Most collectors, I think, would be glad to add the small decanter just above the military fop's head to their shelves; connoisseurs of fashion will be pleased with the *Pretty Barmaid's* lofty top-hammer—the very latest thing in the 1770's—Fleet Street will note that the silly-looking fellow on the right is reading *The Morning Post*; many men will perhaps fancy themselves in buckle shoes, three-cornered hats and tie-wigs, while I like to imagine that the shaggy dog reaching up to lick the counter is the original shaggy dog of the shaggy-dog stories which, though so recently popular, seem to-day as out-moded as the people in this George III. pub. Carrington Bowles published numerous mezzotints of this sort, recording the women's head-dresses and the macaroni's clothes, at his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard. I wonder whether the original painting from which the print was made still exists.

An interesting section of the exhibition consists of beautifully printed foreign fashion plates which reveal the source of some of the fashion ideals of our ancestors at certain periods, and there are one or two very rare items indeed, the most remarkable of which

is an enormous coloured etching by Gillray known as "The Installation Supper"—four separate plates pasted side by side to form a picture 7 ft. in length—in which various notables of the time are neatly caricatured. There is also "The Staircase," by Rowlandson, at his most brilliant zenith as a draughtsman and at his most indelicate—people tumbling down a curved staircase; and the well-known etching, coloured by hand, of "The Return from the Hunt" (Fig. 2), with its elegant flow of line and beautiful grouping of horses, hounds, men and women. The more Rowlandson probes into the grotesque in human nature under the impression that he is a genuine satirist, the greater bore he becomes as far as I am concerned. It is in these open-air scenes that his admittedly raffish talents find their true level; there is always a touch of oddity about the individual figures, which is another way of saying that they are by Rowlandson, yet we feel that these are flesh-and-blood people who we can meet any day. As for his powers as a draughtsman,

riders in earnest conversation on the right; or the tumble of hounds with the huntsman bending over them, and see what a horrid mess you make of them.

The show has been got together from what is an

obviously most carefully selected private collection, in which good condition was the guiding factor, so that everything appears almost as fresh and unfaded as it must have been when it left the artist's hands. This sequence begins with some fine impressions of Hogarth, and ends with some bold hand-coloured lithographs of Victorian Army officers. Among early prints are views of Royal and noble parks after designs by Paul Sandby (1725-1809) and others, showing groups of strollers in the bright fashions of the 1750's. These, apart from their interest as documents, are notable for the splendid state of the colours—they are all coloured by hand in gouache and presumably have been very carefully looked after during the past two centuries.

To what extent the modern *balletomanes* can appreciate the slightly treacherous sentiment of the "Pas de Trois"

by A. E. Chalon, R.A. (1780-1860), I don't know. This is a large water-colour, which the painter signs as "Portrait Painter in Water-color to Her Majesty. London 1850." I imagine it is a document of no little interest, for here are the three greatest classical dancers of their generation in the guise of the Three Graces, Thalia, Euphrosyne and Aglaia—to wit, Marie Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi and Julia Ferraris. So that there can be no doubt on the point, they are poised very prettily on a classical base, with the three Greek names in Greek letters, set amid a romantic profusion of flowers and foliage. You will perhaps note that what pedagogues to-day tell us is an Americanism was permissible to Chalon—he spelt water-colour "water-color." I have said enough, I think, to indicate that this exhibition is very cleverly down to earth, earthy and uncommonly amusing; at the same time, it is, I imagine, of more than usual value to the social historian. The Gillrays alone are worth a visit, and there is also a print of the famous fencing match (the talk of the town in its day) between Monsieur de Saint George and that strange, enigmatic character known as Mademoiselle la Chevalière d'Eon de Beaumont, who kept all Europe guessing as to her sex during a long life; it turned out in the end that "she" was a man, after all.



FIG. 1. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PUB: "THE PRETTY BARMAID," A MEZZOTINT COLOURED BY HAND 1778: AFTER A PAINTING BY JOHN COLLET (c. 1725-1780). This print, on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum Loan Exhibition "English Life. How Our Ancestors Lived from 1700 to 1850," depicts the interior of an eighteenth-century pub. Frank Davis notes that it is an interesting social document, and adds: "Most collectors, I think, would be glad to add the small decanter just above the military fop's head to their shelves; connoisseurs of fashion will be pleased with the *Pretty Barmaid's* lofty top-hammer, the very latest thing in the 1770's. . . ."

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



FIG. 2. "THE RETURN FROM THE HUNT": AN ETCHING AND AQUATINT COLOURED BY HAND; BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827). This well-known etching, coloured by hand, is included in the Victoria and Albert Museum Loan Exhibition "English Life. How Our Ancestors Lived from 1700 to 1850." "It is in these open-air scenes that his [Rowlandson's] admittedly raffish talents find their true level," writes Frank Davis, who discusses the exhibition on this page. [By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.]

note how the couple ascending the steps on the left are moving slowly; they are tired, and you can see how their feet drag. Take a sheet of paper and try and indicate just this movement with a few strokes of the pen; or the group of three

Monsieur de Saint George and that strange, enigmatic character known as Mademoiselle la Chevalière d'Eon de Beaumont, who kept all Europe guessing as to her sex during a long life; it turned out in the end that "she" was a man, after all.

THE QUEEN'S FABERGÉ BEASTS: LENT FOR A LONDON EXHIBITION.



EDWARD VII.'S TERRIER *CESAR* IN WHITE CHALCEDONY (LENGTH $2\frac{1}{2}$ INS.), A BULLDOG IN BROWN AGATE, A CHALCEDONY COLOMBO SPANIEL, AND AN AGATE PUPPY.



A STRIATED AGATE PIG (LENGTH $2\frac{1}{2}$ INS.; TOP, LEFT), A PINKY-BROWN CHALCEDONY SOW, AGATE PIG, LITTER OF PIGLETS IN CHALCEDONY AND AGATE, AND CHALCEDONY PIG.



THE WHITE RABBIT FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" IN WHITE CHALCEDONY (HEIGHT $2\frac{1}{2}$ INS.), THE ONLY KNOWN FIGURE FROM A SERIES CARVED BY FABERGÉ.



HORNBILL IN GREY AND WHITE CHALCEDONY IN A SILVER GILT CAGE ($2\frac{1}{2}$ BY $2\frac{1}{4}$ BY $3\frac{1}{2}$ INS.). IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER ANIMALS REPRODUCED, IT HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY LENT FOR EXHIBITION BY H.M. THE QUEEN.



NEPHRITE ROGUE ELEPHANT WITH BRILLIANT DIAMOND EYES. (HEIGHT $4\frac{1}{2}$ INS., LENGTH 5 INS.) HER MAJESTY'S COLLECTION AT SANDRINGHAM WAS FORMED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



CHALCEDONY SWAN (2 INS. LONG), CHALCEDONY PELICAN, OBSIDIAN SEA-LION, CHALCEDONY DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS, NEPHRITE FROGS AND BLUE AND PINK CHALCEDONY DOLPHIN.

The art of Carl Fabergé, the goldsmith who produced for Tsarist Russia such fantasies as bouquets of flowers in gold, gems and enamel, Easter eggs of fabulous value and workmanship, and miniature animals and toys of precious materials, represents a vanished age of luxury. His achievements may be studied in London from May 20, for Mr. A. Kenneth Snowman, author of "The Art of Carl Fabergé" (Faber and Faber; 4 guineas), has arranged a Loan Exhibition of Fabergé's work at Messrs. Wartski, 138, Regent Street, in aid of the National Fund for Playing Fields. Admission will be 5s., this sum to include an excellent catalogue. The objects on view include a number from the Royal Collection, formed by the late Queen Alexandra, which the Queen has graciously lent, and all the animals



BROWN AND BLUE CHALCEDONY CHIMPANZEE (HEIGHT 3 INS.), AGATE DONKEY, CHALCEDONY OSTRICH, FOUR MICE IN DARK-GRAY AND GREY CHALCEDONY, AND WHITE OPAL.

reproduced on this page are her Majesty's. Mr. A. Kenneth Snowman writes as follows: "Fabergé animals, and every species appear to have been attempted not excluding a few prehistoric creatures, are many and various, but they all seem to share a common amiability and well-being. . . . The House of Fabergé carried out its zoological enterprises in stones found mainly in the Urals and Siberia—nephrite, obsidian, rhodonite, chalcidony, agate, rock crystal and topaz, to list only the most common. These . . . frogs, pigs and ducks . . . are the direct result of an agile intuition exploiting to the full the material available." In his book he discusses the achievements of Fabergé, and gives technical information. The Exhibition Private View will be opened by Lady Kelly on May 19.

Reproduced from "The Art of Carl Fabergé," by courtesy of the Publishers; and by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.



ROYALTIES IN WAX: PART OF THE GREAT CORONATION YEAR DISPLAY AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, IN A REPRESENTATION OF THE THRONE ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. Reading from left to right, the effigies represent: the Duchess of Gloucester; the Duke of Gloucester; H.M. Queen Elizabeth II.; the Duke of Edinburgh; Queen Ingrid of Denmark; Princess Margaret; the Queen Juliana of the Netherlands; King Haakon of Norway; Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; Duchess of Kent; and the Princess Royal. This display is to be opened in June.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN WAX: A CLOSE-UP FROM THE MADAME TUSSAUD'S CORONATION DISPLAY, SHOWN IN THE GENERAL VIEW, ABOVE.



THE END OF THE HOLIDAYS FOR TWO ROYAL PRINCES: PRINCE WILLIAM (RIGHT) AND PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER, AT VICTORIA, EN ROUTE FOR SCHOOL.



PRINCESS MARGARET (LEFT) AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT, IN WAX: EFFIGIES IN MADAME TUSSAUD'S SPECIAL ELABORATELY STAGED CORONATION FEATURE.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE GREAT HALL OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS. ON THE LEFT, THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE, SIR CECIL WAKELEY. On May 5 her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, using a mallet used last by Queen Victoria (when laying the foundation-stone of the examination hall on the Embankment), laid a memorial foundation-stone to the first phase of the new buildings of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The College was much damaged during the war and the new buildings, planned in three phases, both replace what was lost and much extend the College and enlarge its functions. The stone, which will be part of a great hall, is inscribed: "Laid by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., Hon. Fellow of the College, on May 5, 1953, the year of her Coronation."



THE QUEEN ARRIVING IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS AND BEING GREETED BY SIR CECIL WAKELEY, BEFORE LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN EFFIGY AND ACTUALITY: A CORONATION DISPLAY IN WAX; AND SOME RECENT ROYAL ACTIVITIES.

LATEST TYPES OF BRITISH FIGHTING VEHICLES.



EXPERIENCING AT FIRST HAND THE CROSS-COUNTRY MOBILITY OF AN ARMoured FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE SCOUT CAR: TWO BELGIAN STAFF OFFICERS RIDING IN THE *FIELD MOUSE* DURING A DEMONSTRATION AT CHOBHAM, SURREY, ON MAY 5.



SHOWING THE TYPE OF GROUND OVER WHICH THE TESTS WERE HELD: A UNIVERSAL TRACKED CARRIER CLIMBING A STEEP GRADIENT AT CHOBHAM.



ARMoured AGAINST SMALL-ARMS FIRE AND SHELL SPLINTERS: THE *SARACEN*, A SIX-WHEEL-DRIVE ENCLOSED INFANTRY CARRIER WHICH CARRIES TWELVE MEN.

On May 5 a demonstration was given at the Fighting Vehicle Research Establishment at Chobham, Surrey, of British Army combat vehicles to representatives of the European Defence Community, N.A.T.O., and the Commonwealth. Among those present were sixteen officers of the former German Army, led by Major-General Philipps. Particular interest was shown in the *Saracen*, a six-wheeled armoured and enclosed personnel carrier which is to be issued to motor battalions in British armoured divisions. It is produced for the Ministry of Supply by Alvis, Ltd., and weighs 10 tons. It carries twelve men, who are protected from small-arms fire and shell splinters, and is armed with a '30 machine-gun and a Bren gun. Another vehicle which impressed the spectators with its cross-country mobility was the *Field Mouse*, a four-wheel-drive scout car. As a result of the demonstration it is hoped that N.A.T.O. countries will place orders for the *Saracen* and other vehicles.

TESTS AT A CLIMATIC RESEARCH LABORATORY.

In order to study aviation conditions and to control the conditions while the study is being carried out, a Climatic Research Laboratory has been constructed at Farnborough, Hampshire. The problems arising from the extreme temperatures encountered by men in the R.A.F. are studied here, and articles of clothing designed to meet these conditions are tested. The air conditioning of an entire aircraft cabin may necessitate large and heavy machinery. In order to reduce the weight of this plant ventilated clothing is being developed. Conditioned air is fed directly to the skin under the clothing so as to keep the wearer comfortable when exposed to very high temperatures. The laboratory includes a special room in which conditions of air temperatures, relative humidity and wind velocity can be maintained and which is suitable as sleeping or living space during prolonged tests.



TESTING COLD WEATHER CLOTHING AT A TEMPERATURE OF 10 DEG. F.: A MAN EXERCISING AT A CONTROLLED RATE ON A MOTOR-DRIVEN TREADMILL.



TESTING AN AIR-VENTILATED SUIT CONNECTED TO A SUPPLY OF AIR AT A KNOWN TEMPERATURE AND HUMIDITY: A FLYING OFFICER AT FARNBOROUGH.

"ROYAL YACHTS THROUGH THE AGES": EXHIBITS FROM THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM DISPLAY.



"YACHTS OFF THE COAST OF HOLLAND": A DRAWING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE ELDER (1610-1693), REPRESENTING WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND PRINCESS MARY RETURNING TO HOLLAND AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1677, WHICH, IN COMMON WITH THE PAINTINGS, PRINT AND PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE, IS ON VIEW AT GREENWICH.



"THE PORTSMOUTH YACHT": AN OIL-PAINTING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE ELDER (1610-1693). THE VESSEL, 133 TONS, WAS BUILT FOR CHARLES II. IN 1674, BY PHINEAS PETT AT WOOLWICH.



"ROYAL ESCAPE": AN OIL-PAINTING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE YOUNGER (1633-1707). THE VESSEL WAS THE LITTLE CRAFT IN WHICH CHARLES II. ESCAPED TO FRANCE IN 1651. HE BOUGHT HER AT THE RESTORATION AND MAINTAINED HER FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS FOR MANY YEARS.



"THE FURBS AT ANCHOR FIRING A SALUTE": AN OIL-PAINTING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE YOUNGER (1633-1707). THIS CRAFT WAS ONE OF THE SERIES WHICH CHARLES II. ADDED TO THE LIST OF ROYAL YACHTS. BUILT IN 1682 SHE WAS 148 TONS. YACHTING IN THE MODERN SENSE OF THE TERM CAME IN WITH THE STUARTS.



"ROYAL GEORGE TOWED BY THE SHEARWATER AND BLACK EAGLE" ON THE OCCASION OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND IN 1842. THE EPISODE RECORDED IN THIS PRINT LED TO THE ORDERING OF THE FIRST ROYAL STEAM YACHT.

A special Coronation Exhibition of Royal Yachts has been arranged by the National Maritime Museum, and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was present to open it on Friday, May 8. The exhibits include models, paintings, drawings and other objects, some drawn from the Museum's own collection, and others on view through the generosity of private collectors. Among the models shown is the Admiralty model of the new Royal yacht *Britannia*, which her Majesty launched on April 16 in the Clydeside yard of Messrs. John Brown and Co., Ltd. It has been designed so that it can be transformed into a hospital ship should the need arise. Yachting in the modern sense of the term came in with the Stuarts, although what can be called the first Royal yacht was used by Henry I., and was known as an *Esnecca*, a class of long, fast galley; and under the Tudors Royal



"THE THIRD VICTORIA AND ALBERT": A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMILIAR VESSEL FIRST COMMISSIONED ON JULY 23, 1901, AND USED FOR ROYAL OCCASIONS UP TO THE BEGINNING OF THE 1939-45 WAR.

yachts were used on State occasions. Katharine of Aragon was, for instance, brought up the Thames in the Royal yacht *Regent* for her marriage to Arthur, Prince of Wales, but the majority of the vessels used as yachts were really no more than barges, specially gilded and curtained, for trips up and down the river. Charles II. added very considerably to the list of Royal yachts; and it is interesting to recall that the first known yacht race was sailed on the Thames between Charles II. and the Duke of York. It was from Greenwich to Gravesend and back for a wager of £100. The King lost on the way out, but recovered the stakes on the run home.

THE ROYAL YACHT EXHIBITION AT GREENWICH: MODELS—NEW AND OLD, RELICS, AND A PAINTING.



"WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND PRINCESS MARY BECALMED IN THE THAMES WHEN RETURNING TO HOLLAND AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1677": AN OIL PAINTING BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE YOUNGER (1633-1707).



ONE OF THE MODELS ON VIEW: A DESIGN FOR A STUART YACHT, C. 1675, BUT IT IS NOT CERTAIN WHETHER ANY VESSEL WAS BUILT EXACTLY CORRESPONDING TO IT.



SHOWING THE ELABORATE CARVING: THE STERN OF THE *CHATHAM*, BUILT AT CHATHAM IN 1741: SHE WAS AN R.N. YACHT USED BY OFFICERS OF CHATHAM DOCKYARD. From a contemporary model made for the Navy.



OFTEN HANDLED BY KING GEORGE V.: THE WHEEL OF HIS LATE MAJESTY'S RACING YACHT, THE FAMOUS *BRITANNIA*.



THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE *ROYAL CHARLOTTE*, A VESSEL BUILT AT WOOLWICH IN 1824 AND TAKEN TO PIECES IN 1832.

(RIGHT.)

THE FIRST ROYAL YACHT AND THE LATEST: MODELS OF THE *MARY*, PRESENTED TO CHARLES II. ON THE RESTORATION BY THE CITY OF AMSTERDAM, AND THE *BRITANNIA*, THE NEW ROYAL YACHT WHICH HER MAJESTY LAUNCHED ON APRIL 16 IN THE CLYDESIDE YARD OF MESSRS. JOHN BROWN.

Although, as noted on our facing page, Henry I. used what is sometimes called a Royal yacht, an *Esmecca*, a kind of long fast galley, the first English Royal yacht proper was the *Mary*, presented to Charles II. by the City of Amsterdam on the Restoration. Models of these two craft are on view at the Special Coronation Exhibition of Royal Yachts at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, and make an interesting comparison. The *Mary's* length was 50 ft. Beam 18 ft. 6 ins. and she was 92 tons. The *Britannia* has a load displacement of about 4000 tons, and her length is 413 ft. overall and 380 at the waterline. She has been designed for transformation into a hospital ship should need arise.



On this and the facing page we illustrate the Special Coronation Exhibition of Royal Yachts which H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh opened on Friday, May 8, at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The drawing of the return of the Prince of Orange and Princess Mary after their marriage in 1677 illustrated on the opposite page was made by Willem Van de Velde, the Elder, who made the voyage in one of the vessels which accompanied the Royal travellers; the oil-painting of the yachts becalmed in the Thames reproduced on this page was executed by Willem Van de Velde, the Younger, from drawings made by his father. The models on view include several designs for Stuart yachts, but it is not certain that

any vessels exactly corresponding to them were built. Queen Victoria became interested in sailing in 1842. By then the *Royal George* was the only Royal yacht left. She was replaced by the first *Victoria and Albert*, a paddle steamer, launched in April 1843. She was the first Royal yacht to be propelled by steam; and was followed by the *Fairy*, built as a tender to the *Victoria and Albert*. The second *Victoria and Albert* was launched on January 16, 1855, the first being renamed *Osborne*. The third *Victoria and Albert*, first commissioned in 1901, was used for Royal occasions until 1939. King Edward VII. owned a number of racing yachts, the last of which was the famous *Britannia* (1893).

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NILE AND SEINE.

By J. C. TREWIN

THE first time that I heard "Antony and Cleopatra"—and if ever there was a play one must hear, this is it—was at the Stratford-upon-Avon cinema that served as a temporary Memorial while the new theatre was being built. It was, I remember, a magnificent night of new moon. When we came out of the theatre the moon was white fire over Stratford. The Guild Chapel was a shining ghost; the Avon streamed silver. After wandering around the streets we had a two-mile walk along the Warwick road, where the trees were cut out darkly against the sky's silver-arching cyclorama, and not a soul stirred. All the while, one passage drummed in the mind, as it has done ever since (though, until Peter Norris said it the other night at Stratford, I had never heard it properly spoken):

Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Whenever I hear these lines now I am back on that moonstruck walk through the Warwickshire night. The production, in memory, was not maybe sufficient, even though one of the wisest Shakespeareans of his period had staged it. But, in any circumstances, a first "Antony and Cleopatra" must be a glory. Whether one is moonstruck or not, the truest comment on the play is a line from a very different piece, "The Taming of the Shrew": "Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun."

Not long ago, when I came from the Memorial Theatre after watching the twenty-first birthday cake cut with the sword used for Frank Benson's knighting

have their places, Miss Ashcroft—and this, I think, is surprising—more surely than the Antony. Her Cordelia, at Stratford three years ago, was matchless: there were moments in the performance of Cleopatra when, so it seemed to me, Cordelia peeped through; but this, no doubt, was my fancy. Acting against herself, Peggy Ashcroft secures an intellectual conquest. She gets at the mind of the woman and manages to be everything that Granville-Barker, in a helpless outburst of epithets, held that Cleopatra should be: "quick, jealous, imperious, malicious, flagrant, subtle; but a delicate creature too."



"A COMMANDING REVIVAL OF THE TRAGEDY OF BRONZE AND BEATEN GOLD THAT TURNS, IN CLEOPATRA'S DEATH, TO FIRE AND AIR": "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (STRATFORD-UPON-AVON), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THIDIAS (WILLIAM PEACOCK) COMES TO CLEOPATRA (PEGGY ASHCROFT) FROM CÆSAR.

I was happiest with this Cleopatra in the great scene that closes when the Queen, dying as if lulled asleep, sits upright upon her throne, imperially crowned and robed, mighty in death (no room here for that earlier insolent demand of Caesar's, "Which is the Queen of Egypt?"), and ready to be mourned by Charmian as no one has been mourned upon this earth. There, at the last, Cleopatra remains while the torches gleam, Caesar utters his farewell, and we feel that already the lovers are among the amaranth of Elysium "where souls do couch on flowers."

This is majestic; but I have to say, in honesty, that the Olivier-Leigh performance at the St. James's, two years ago, will live with me longer. Agreed, Miss Leigh was lucky. She had not that brawl with Seleucus, the treasurer, which, if true, no doubt, to Cleopatra's nature ("She is cunning, past man's thought") is troublesome in this place, jarring on what Sir John Squire has called "the long adagio of Cleopatra's end." At the Stratford première there were certain uneasy laughs during the intensely difficult scene of the clown-with-the-asp. Laughter there can be like a blow. It may be hard to apportion the fault between dramatist, actor and audience. At Stratford, certainly, Miss Ashcroft had to regain the atmosphere when she spoke "Give me my robe, put on my crown." It was a superb recovery; but she should not have had to recover.

There is no need to linger on trifles. Peggy Ashcroft is often Royal Egypt, and we honour her. Michael Redgrave, whose progress to the heights during the last years has been extraordinary, is now a redoubtable Antony, if not the most redoubtable in recollection. He passes too easily over certain speeches: "Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish," for example (though, in his odd way, he finds unexpected treasure in others). Redgrave has for me all the endowments of a major Shakespearean but one: the power to freeze, to lift the hair, to make

the seated heart knock at the ribs. That is the mark of the great player: Redgrave, now one of the first four actors on our stage, may have it yet.

Marius Goring's ice-floe Caesar is the best I have known; Harry Andrews's Enobarbus, though it does not blur Randle Ayrton's, is a soldier of unconscious eloquence; and Tony Britton stamps Pompey upon the imagination. The sovereign merit of Glen Byam Shaw's production is its speed, the way in which the play rolls on like the flood-waters of Nile. Scenic pomp is suggested only, but the skies can burn or glow or flash as Mr. Shaw wills. The verse tells all; it is a singularly complete text, with only one or two

obvious cuts (Ventidius marching through Syria) and a very occasional emendation, such as Scarus's discreet changing of "I have yet room for six scotches more" to "six notches." The strange "god Hercules" passage has little of the atmosphere of midnight dread: I have not seen it done really well since the Bridges-Adams's years in the Greenhill Street cinema. Komisarjevsky, at the New Theatre in 1936, had the words, "'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved, Now leaves him," spoken in daylight, and by the Soothsayer. But then, that revival is one for the unearliest recollection.

I wonder how many recall that a "Cleopatra" turned up in London, not quite thirty years ago, as a musical comedy. I was looking at a notice the other day and realising with pleasure (not unmixed with alarm) that "Cleopatra's every action in the play is carefully studied from tomb-paintings... written by long-dead scribes in the Books of the Dead"; also that Cleopatra's duets with a young Roman officer, "O Queen Divine" and "A Woman's Heart," were much enjoyed. "It is not, however, until the second act that the first real vocal hit is registered

with 'Till the Right Man Comes Along' (Iras and



"PEGGY ASHCROFT IS OFTEN ROYAL EGYPT, AND WE HONOUR HER. MICHAEL REDGRAVE, WHOSE PROGRESS TO THE HEIGHTS DURING THE LAST YEARS HAS BEEN EXTRAORDINARY, IS NOW A REDOUBTABLE ANTONY...": PEGGY ASHCROFT AS CLEOPATRA AND MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS ANTONY IN THE OPENING SCENE OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

at Drury Lane, a calm sky was overcast: Avon barely glimmered under the bridges; again, as the small hours approached, no one seemed to move in Stratford. And again I thought of the lines from "Antony and Cleopatra" (this is the new Memorial Theatre's coming-of-age celebration), and realised that the play takes the spirit as surely on a twentieth hearing as on the first.

Yet it is unlikely that one will get the perfect performance. After the play there must always be something left remarkable beneath the visiting moon, something that the players cannot reach. It is not given to even the greatest of our "mimes"—as Sir Max Beerbohm used to insist upon calling all actors—to present for us, fully, the "eastern star" and the man of whom another Roman said: "A rarer spirit never did steer humanity." In the mind "Antony and Cleopatra," for me, must be made up of many scenes from many revivals. Peggy Ashcroft and Michael Redgrave, at Stratford now, duly



"ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE CAST, BEATRICE BRETTY'S BOLD DORINE IN PARTICULAR, STAND BY THE TRADITIONS OF THE FRENCH THEATRE; BUT TARTUFFE IS LORD OF ALL": A SCENE FROM THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE PRODUCTION OF "TARTUFFE" (ST. JAMES'S), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH TARTUFFE (FERNAND LEDOUX) OFFERS DORINE (BEATRICE BRETTY) A HANDKERCHIEF TO COVER UP HER BOSOM AS HER LOW-NECKED DRESS OFFENDS HIS MODESTY.

Prince Beladonis." As Cleopatra observes in Shakespeare's play, "Give me to drink mandragora."

Nile to Seine, Shakespeare to Molière, Antony and Cleopatra to Tartuffe and Elmire. Fernand Ledoux, the Tartuffe of the Comédie-Française production at the St. James's, is at first an oozing Chadband-cum-Heep. The man is a dangerous white slug: he might leave a trail of slime upon the stage as an aspid does upon "the caves of Nile." It is a richly-composed performance. All the members of the cast, Beatrice Bretty's bold Dorine in particular, stand by the traditions of the French theatre; but Tartuffe is lord of all. Few personages in drama are built up more elaborately than the hypocrite, who does not appear for the first forty minutes—unlike Antony and Cleopatra, who have to be content with Philo's thirteen-line prelude before they enter with their brief and royal exchange: "If it be love indeed, tell me how much."—"There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (King's, Hammersmith).—Donald Wolfit in swagging good cheer as Petruchio. (April 27.)
"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The Nile flows by the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in a commanding revival of the tragedy of bronze and beaten gold that turns, in Cleopatra's death, to fire and air. (April 28.)
"STARCHED APRONS" (Embassy).—Ena Lamont Stewart's lively anecdote of a Clyde-side hospital has been transplanted to an English setting, with Freda Jackson fiercely dominating as a Sister, and Margaret Barton as a rebellious nurse. (April 29.)
"LA TRAVIATA" (Stoll).—Verdi's opera begins a brief Italian season. (May 2.)
"TARTUFFE" (St. James's).—Welcome to the Comédie-Française and to the masterfully-shaped and controlled study by Fernand Ledoux as the hypocrite.

THE QUEEN AT THE OLD VIC: HER MAJESTY SEES "KING HENRY VIII."



THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S SURVEYOR (WOLFE MORRIS; R.) BEFORE HENRY VIII. (PAUL ROGERS), WOLSEY (ALEXANDER KNOX) AND QUEEN KATHARINE (GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES).



"A HEALTH GENTLEMEN": HENRY VIII. (PAUL ROGERS) DRINKS A HEALTH TO ANNE BULLEN (JEANETTE STERKE) WITH CARDINAL WOLSEY (ALEXANDER KNOX; RIGHT, SEATED).



PRESENTATIONS DURING THE INTERVAL: HER MAJESTY IS TALKING TO MR. PAUL ROGERS, WHO PLAYS THE TITLE-RÔLE IN THE OLD VIC "KING HENRY VIII."



CONVERSING WITH MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES, WHO PLAYS QUEEN KATHARINE OF ARAGON: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

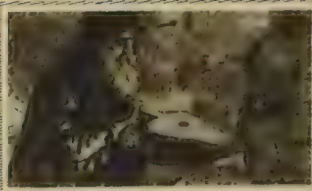


SEATED IN THE SPECIALLY ARRANGED ROYAL SEATS IN THE CENTRE OF THE DRESS CIRCLE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF "KING HENRY VIII." AT THE OLD VIC ON MAY 6.

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh honoured the Old Vic by attending the first night of the new production of Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII." They occupied specially arranged seats in the centre of the flower-decked dress circle; and after the performance members of the cast had the honour of being presented. Cranmer's speech at the christening of the infant daughter of Henry VIII. foretells the glory of the first Elizabeth and contains the curiously prophetic lines: "... but as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir As great in admiration as herself; So shall she leave her blessedness to one. . . Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd."



ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM CAROLINE HUNT, DAUGHTER OF MR. HUGH HUNT, DIRECTOR OF THE OLD VIC: H.M. THE QUEEN ON ARRIVAL AT THE THEATRE WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



JUMPING FROGS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is nearly a year ago that Mr. L. M. Hagar, of California, first wrote me. He drew attention to a note published on the longevity of frogs, in which I had been responsible for the statement that they have a life-span of four to five years. Since that time Mr. Hagar has been an assiduous correspondent, and I would like to acknowledge the many news-clippings he has been good enough to send me, but, above all, I would thank him for having increased my knowledge of the Jumping Frog Jubilee, taking place at Angels Camp, Calaveras, California, on May 15, 16 and 17. First, the question of longevity: Mr. Hagar had a pet bullfrog, *Hoppy*, for sixteen years, which was probably two years old when first he acquired it. In the spring of last year, "during a very cold spell a 'down-draft' brought a thunder cloud to the ground, a stroke of lightning hit a transformer quite close and there was a tremendous report. This apparently caused the frog to leap out of his pool." Later that afternoon he was found in a flower-bed, nearly dead from exposure, the temperature being 32 deg. The next day he was dead. The body of *Hoppy*, which measured 18 ins. overall, without stretching, was sent me for further examination. There is no reason to believe that it may not have lived longer but for this accident, so a known longevity of eighteen years could possibly have been extended into one of twenty years or more.

Hoppy belonged to the species (*Rana catesbeiana*) immortalised by Mark Twain in 1865 in his story of Jim Smiley, "the curioest man about betting on anything that turned up," and of how he caught a frog, christened him *Dan'l Webster*, and taught him to jump—to outjump any frog in Calaveras County, and give his owner something more to bet on. Then Smiley met the Stranger and, after a brief challenging discussion, left *Dan'l* in his care while he, Smiley, went to look for another frog for the Stranger to pit against *Dan'l* for a stake of 40 dollars. Left alone, the Stranger took a teaspoon, opened *Dan'l's* mouth and filled him with quail shot. The result of the ensuing jumping contest was a positive disadvantage to both *Dan'l Webster* and his owner, for the frog, loaded with shot, "couldn't budge, he was planted as solid as a church." The story is summarised here for the benefit of readers this side of the Atlantic, since most of those to whom I have spoken in recent weeks recall the story, but hazily.

Some eighty years after the story was written, a tough battle ensued for improvements to Angels Camp, where Mark Twain had set his story, and to celebrate the paving of the muddy streets Carl Mills and Harry Barden planned races, a rodeo, and mining and log-bucking contests. Then came the question of a comprehensive title, and it was Mills who finally came up with the name Jumping Frog Jubilee. The full story is given in "Tales of Old Calaveras," by Richard Coke Wood, of how circumstances, especially the interest aroused by the newspapers, forced the people of Angels Camp from reluctantly accepting Mills' proposed title to actually organising a frog-jumping competition, which they did in May 1928, before a crowd unexpectedly numbering 15,000. The idea was simply to draw a line on the pavement and measure the distance covered by a frog in one jump. The winning leap was 3 ft. 6 ins. The trouble arose that a frog does not necessarily jump in the direction intended. It may even jump parallel with the line. Again, the first jump might be quite short and the second

and third much longer. To-day, in a special arena in what is now called Frogtown, a mile out of Angels Camp, the frogs are placed on a "bull's-eye" at the centre of concentric circles, so that whichever way they jump the distance can be

jumping records, I collected a few at first hand. There was the occasion when a weasel sauntered across a muddy road and suddenly leapt into the air to land on a grassy bank. His prints in the mud enabled me to measure the 3 ft. he covered in what was almost a standing jump. This leap was, so far as I could see, due to nothing more than high spirits, or *joie de vivre*. I have especially taken note also of the jumps of grey squirrels in the trees or from tree to tree, but although more obvious, these are less easy to measure. The most striking was, however, when I came suddenly round a bend, surprising a grey squirrel squatting on the ground. It immediately leapt to the outermost twigs of an overhanging branch, gathered them in the embrace of its four legs and ran along the underside of the bough to the trunk. The almost vertical leap from the ground to the branch was 10 ft. The impulse here was, however, fear.

Since learning that a competitor was being sent from England to Angels Camp, I have taken note more especially as occasion offered, of our only native frog (*Rana temporaria*). From my experience I am pessimistic of its chances of success in the competition at Frogtown. Most of the leaps I have seen are little more than a foot, with occasionally one of 2 ft. or so. My recollection, from watching frogs arriving at the breeding-pond earlier in the year, however, when they came up across the grass at full speed



A FINE PORTRAIT OF A BULLFROG (*RANA CATESBEIANA*) WHICH BRINGS OUT THE SALIENT FEATURES OF THIS TYPICAL TAILLESS AMPHIBIAN—THE LONG HIND-LEGS, FOLDED ON THEMSELVES WHEN AT REST, FOR LEAPING AND SWIMMING, AND THE EYES AND NOSTRILS SET HIGH FOR KEEPING WATCH AT THE SURFACE WITH THE BODY FULLY SUBMERGED.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Carl Mills.

measured. And the winner is judged on the distance covered in three jumps. The record so far, for the aggregate covered in three jumps, is 16 ft. 2 ins.

It may be a far cry from a Jumping Frog Jubilee to theoretical science. But at least the Jubilee is innocuous and no cruelty is involved. The frogs are not trained in the ordinary sense of the word: they are merely kept in a cool, damp place until the moment they are required to show their paces. When placed on the "bull's-eye" they give way to the normal escape reaction and jump. And, if nothing else, the Jubilee turns the spotlight on one of the few animals whose existence depends upon the use of the standing jump. Since frogs are being flown from Australia, South Africa, Canada, the Philippines, even from the United Kingdom, the contest could present a wonderful opportunity for collecting scientific data on the jumping abilities of the various species of frogs scattered over the world.

A short while ago, I was assisting a colleague to collect records of jumps made by various animals, and once started on the quest for



A PET BULLFROG WHICH SET UP A RECORD FOR LONGEVITY: MR. L. M. HAGAR'S *HOPPY*, WHICH FINALLY MET ITS END THROUGH A THUNDERSTORM.

THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the last three Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

THESE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WILL BE SENT AT NO EXTRA COST TO ALL WHO TAKE OUT A YEAR'S POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION BEFORE MAY 30.

Orders for one year's subscription for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall manager or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent. The rates are as follows: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number). United Kingdom, £5 16s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

The records for longevity in frogs give the conservative figure of four to five years. *Hoppy* lived for sixteen years as a pet and was probably two years old when first acquired. *Hoppy* was a female, and the females of all species tend to live longer than males.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of L. M. Hagar.

in a dead straight line, was that the distance of each jump was nearer 3 ft., which suggests, what is perhaps only too obvious, that athletic achievements are dependent upon more factors than the mechanics of muscle and bone. Put into more homely terms, if fear can lend wings to the feet, a really timid *Rana temporaria*—or one stirred by more sublime emotions—might outjump a stolid *Rana catesbeiana*.

MARK TWAIN UP-TO-DATE: A JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.



1. THE TAKE-OFF: THE HIND-LEGS OF THE FROG TAKE THE BURDEN OF THE SPRING AND THE FORE-LEGS CONTRIBUTE LITTLE TO THE EFFORT.



2. AIRBORNE: THE FROG IN THE FIRST STAGE OF ITS JUMP BUT NOT YET FLATTENED OUT, WITH FORE- AND HIND-LEGS BEING GATHERED IN.



3. THE TYPICAL GLIDING POSITION, WITH BODY FLATTENED AND LEGS BENT AND DRAWN UP IN LINE WITH THE PLANE OF THE BODY.



4. LOSING HEIGHT: THE JUMPING FROG BRINGING ITS FORE-LEGS DOWN TO TAKE THE FIRST IMPACT ON LANDING.



5. TOUCHING-DOWN: THE FIRST IMPACT IS TAKEN BY THE FORE-LEGS, THE BREAST TOUCHING THE GROUND TO MAKE A TRIPOD WITH THE FORE-LEGS.



6. THE JUMP COMPLETED: THE LONG HIND-LEGS ARE BEING DRAWN IN AND FOLDED TWICE ON THEMSELVES IN PREPARATION FOR THE NEXT LEAP.

MARK TWAIN'S famous story of the Jumping Frog of Calaveras County has had a sequel which its author could never have foreseen. Some eighty years after the story was written, the people of Angels Camp decided that their streets should be paved. This was not accomplished without a struggle and, once achieved, a celebration was decided upon, to include races and other contests. Then came the problem of giving an omnibus name to these celebrations. Remembering Mark Twain's story, the name Jumping Frog Jubilee was suggested, and ultimately adopted, on the whole, reluctantly. Naturally, newspaper reporters, from far and wide, asked whether there really was going to be a jumping frog contest. Rather than face ridicule, the people of Angels Camp answered in the affirmative. The original plan was unambitious; it was merely to pass a rope between four trucks in the street, and let the frogs jump from a mark on the pavement

(Continued opposite.)



7. WHERE THE ANNUAL JUMPING FROG JUBILEE IS HELD: THE "TARGET" ARENA IN FROGTOWN, NEAR ANGELS CAMP, CALIFORNIA, WITH A CONTEST IN PROGRESS.

(Continued.)

within this ring. Fifteen thousand people attended this contest in 1928, its first year; and from then on its popularity has grown until now it is held in a special arena, with competitors coming from the most distant parts of the world. The competitions last for three days, the finals being held on the afternoon of the third day. No special training of the contestants is necessary and no cruelty is involved. The frogs are merely kept in a cool, damp container until their turn comes to be placed on the bull's-eye in the centre of a target of concentric circles. The frogs may make three consecutive jumps, and the distance is then measured from the bull's-eye to the final landing place. This year's Jumping Frog Jubilee is being held from May 15 to 17, and there are entries from Australia, Canada, South Africa and the Philippines.

(Photographs reproduced by courtesy of Carl Mills.)

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TRYING to define the limits of a work of "fiction" is not merely pedantic, it is indiscreet. At any moment such limits may exclude the very book one wants to talk about. As, for example, "In the Castle of My Skin," by George Lamming (Michael Joseph; 15s.). This is the work of a young coloured writer from Barbados: and, one might say, the story of his village boyhood. To that extent, autobiography—but only here and there, and even so, of a peculiar and poetic stamp. And round about we have the whole life of the village, explored in the same way—in hours of gossip or dispute, in choice, exhaustive moments, in imaginary dialogues. Really, the village is the dominating figure. And the theme is change: change for the "I" as he grows up, and change, at once insidious and rapid, for his little world.

On his ninth birthday, the day of the big flood, all is apparently in order. A shack may sail away downstream, adding a few lines to the village epic; but Mr. Creighton's house up on the hill remains unshaken and immutable. The village bears his name; the people are "his" people—and in case of need, he is prepared to succour them with half-a-crown. There is a ramshackle and squalid life; but to make up, they are at home in it. And they belong to "Little England," the oldest, purest of the colonies, which is a source of pride. On Empire Day there are parades and speeches at the village school; and it is there, amid the buzzing of the boys—a wonderful, revealing buzz—that Mr. Slime enters the story.

This smart young man will presently have done with teaching: nobody knows why, but doubtless to instruct his neighbours in a bigger way. For, since then, he has given them the Penny Bank; he has gone into politics; he says the land ought to be theirs. This is a joyful doctrine, and they obey him blindly in the strike, the first one on the waterfront. Riots in town, and the near-murder of the landlord, are another thing. . . . But then it all blows over; till one fine day, long afterwards, and in the middle of a distant war, Creighton's ex-people are evicted from their spots of ground—by the new owner, Mr. Slime.

This bald account omits the stealth and pathos of the change: the duologues of Pa and Ma; the schoolboy dialogue and gossip; the hero's long day on the beach, his final evening with his mother, his introduction to the racial "cause"—and, in short, nearly everything. Perhaps the more aspiring moments are a trifle woolly; it is a young man's book. But it is brimming with originality and interest.

OTHER FICTION.

"Satan in the Suburbs," by Bertrand Russell (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), provides an exquisite antithesis. This writer has embarked on story-telling at the age of eighty: surely a record in its line, though he points out that "Hobbes was older when he wrote his autobiography in Latin hexameters." (N.B.—A cagier exploit all round.) He also modestly observes that he is not a judge of stories, and these may be quite valueless; but they were fun to write, and therefore may perhaps amuse. That is at least their only aim. "The one which I wrote first, 'The Corsican Ordeal of Miss X,' attempted to combine the moods of 'Zuleika Dobson' and 'The Mysteries of Udolpho.' . . ."

From which it seems that he has got on fast; for, though with some good strokes, it is decidedly the crudest. There are five stories altogether, and if not just what we expect—as I had nearly said—they are precisely what we might expect. No real-life plots, no serious emotion, no unseemly haste. "Doctrine" they may not have, but satire flourishes. And in one tale, "The Guardians of Parnassus," which is a little different from the rest, doctrine does rear its head—the old Lucretian theme of piety as a dark force. Even when suicide and world disaster are the main events, the tone has an unruffled sprightliness, and the whole book is thoroughly engaging.

"The Stain on the Snow," by Georges Simenon (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.), brings us right back to the professional; I might say the professional. The city of this book is nameless, occupied by a nameless enemy, and in the grip of winter and starvation. But, as Frank's mother keeps a brothel, she is well in and lavishly supplied. Frank, at nineteen, haunts the "protected" cafés, with the racketeers, but he has yet to show himself a killer. This must be done at once—and in cold blood, or it won't count. He picks haphazardly on a fat sergeant; and he is seen by Holst, the tram-driver in the next flat. Somehow, this is the crux of the exploit—not that he values Holst, that seedy, phantom intellectual, or his insipid girl; he could seduce the girl at any moment. And yet his crowning infamy (the sergeant was a mere *hors d'œuvre*) has to have Sissy for an object. Then, he has reached a moral beyond; will can achieve no more, and it is up to fate.

Fate takes its cue. He is arrested by the occupiers, and bends his will to a new purpose—that of holding out. He must endure and live, till the right time. What time, and what will be the end, he would be puzzled to explain. But he completes the course; and before death, he has an instant of transfiguration.

This last, long triumph of the will struck me as more intense and gripping than anything in former books. Yet a dark thought occurs: if it were stripped of the technique, should we not find it sentimental?

"The Night-Watchman's Friend," by Mary Fitt (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), no doubt because of its inception as a B.B.C. serial, offers a loose, romantic change from the sophisticated glossiness we are accustomed to. In a lone stretch of Monmouth—a "Little Holland" under a sea wall—old Pollicott has lived for forty years. For the last twenty he has been supporting an old tramp, whom he believes implicitly to be a peer defrauded of his rights. Now the pretender is about to make a will, leaving his friend a fortune in Johannesburg. And then he is pitched off the wall—and Pollicott is charged with murder. Old Mr. Vaughan, a neighbouring retired solicitor, agrees to act for him—and starts with the hypothesis that "Henry Rowles" was the Lord Asshe who died a lunatic in 1908. Clearly, a fine romantic theme; and I prefer the writer in her new vein of popularity.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

YET another British chess congress has been inaugurated and may become an annual: Bognor's, which got off to a good start at Southdean Sports Club on May 2. Tennis, swimming, riding, table tennis, dancing, billiards, archery, fives, badminton and other pursuits were available as alternative attractions, which proved to have a subtle usefulness.

You laboriously organise a chess congress but group entrants in tens or twenties, of whom only one or two can possibly win honours. You get together 150 cheerful, hopeful people for a fortnight's mental grind—and send away at least 120 of them tired, disillusioned, peevish, a plague to their families and staffs. But how the picture changes when such facilities as Southdean's are at hand! Brown, who has made a hash of a promising Queen's Gambit against his old rival Smith, cocks an eye at the billiard-room door: "Just time for a game of snooker before lunch," Smith mutters: "Don't really play," but is rather naturally disposed to oblige; and is duly thrashed. Both enjoy their lunch, Smith because he won his game (the snooker being an already forgotten triviality), Brown because although, dammit, he had rather messed up that attack, he'd been in great form with the ivories and had proved himself to his own satisfaction the better all-round sportsman; Smith must have bought his slight superiority at chess pretty dearly if he's no good at anything else at all he muses; a lovely game, chess, but there's something lacking in a fellow who's such an utter duffer with a cue!

And so on. With gentle sadism, the chess winners of an hour before were set chasing a devilishly angled ball, or ("No, I can't swim really") could be seen painfully clearing their noses of sea-water. All departed happy, each having made (if you counted in all the games) about an even score.

The congress opened with lightning chess, at ten seconds per move. Though I prefer a more flexible type of quick chess myself, in which you can take a few seconds more on some moves if desired (and on the other hand be spared the necessity of waiting even ten seconds when ready to move at once), I feel that chess could be "sold" to the public more readily through lightning chess than by any other means. One leading American organiser wants to run master tournaments at fifty moves per hour instead of sixteen or seventeen, to break down the undoubted prejudice against chess's "slowness."

I collected jokes about chess for a while. Almost all were based on this theme. When a comic artist runs out of ideas, it seemed, he can always pick up a few guineas by sketching a couple of chessplayers overgrown with cobwebs. I collected about forty such examples of bubbling wit in a few months, then gave it up through boredom.

If chess is ever screened, it *must* be lightning chess. When non-players see that chess can be played fast, they may ask why it is usually, from choice, played slowly. Once they have picked up even the rudiments, they will soon realise how much time you need, in fact must have, to plumb its depths.

ON THE FEAST OF "STEPHEN."

I AM, I confess, an amateur of the "good crack." Kind—or unkind?—friends might even suggest that by now I have reached professional status. Be that as it may, let me say at once that "Without Let or Hindrance," by John Poels (John Murray; 12s. 6d.), contains more good cracks to the square page that I wish I had originated myself than any book I have read for years. When one hears that two undergraduates have driven through Yugoslavia in a very old motor-car called *Stephen*, and have now written a book to tell us all about it, one is not necessarily all agog. In my day, we all had cars that were, or ought to have been, called *Stephen* (ours was called *Mr. Oldcastle*), and though we did not all take them to Yugoslavia, we all, or most of us, wrote books on something or other. So I thought I knew what I was in for. But Mr. Poels and his friend

Christopher provide, if age has not dimmed my palate, a much finer vintage than the immature stuff we used to bottle. They started out, like all travellers, to compile a list of "things which were Absolutely Necessary," beginning with Alka-Seltzer and ending with Zest; and whatever else they may have lost *en route*—their razors, various essential parts of *Stephen*, and several illusions they never really started out with—Zest remained with them to the end. In the first few pages I thought that *Stephen* might become a bore. But no—his owners had him sized up: "We discovered as we motored up the hill and out of Dieppe that the French were quite unconcerned at the unconventional appearance of our car, which they regarded with the utmost indifference. It was as if having made a great effort to put on fancy dress for a party it was suspected that we had come in our normal clothes." Nor can I resist the ring of truth in this impression of Trieste: "The place was inundated with Allied troops; ten thousand of them, not to speak of seven thousand Italian policemen. They all darted about the place, like fish in an overstocked pond, with dash and resolution, but apparent inconsequence. . . . There were dim places for dancing and a sea-front like Bournemouth." Mr. Poels disclaims any knowledge of the deeper complexities of Yugoslav history and politics, yet he can form and express judgments which make one want to hurl one's cap (if any) in the air and cheer. "When," he writes, "I read in a well-meaning book on revolution in Eastern Europe that 'the really new thing in peasant policy is that it is considered in economic terms, with real understanding of what the peasant needs,' it is clear to me that the author has missed the point by yards. It is not what the Communists say the peasants need which is important. It is what the peasants want. And they want their independence more than they want fertilisers." This book is a riot, but a memorable riot.

The past twenty years have seen quite a boom in Disraeli's novels. I do not mean "Coningsby" and "Sybil," because punctually, as decade succeeds decade, fresh generations of young and yet younger Tories rediscover these works, and mark their rediscovery with here a funny waistcoat, there an emphatic tie. For some time I claimed to have been the only representative of my particular generation who had read "Alroy," but then a fine uniform edition was published, with introductions by the late Philip Guedalla, and I lost that distinction. Now we have Miss Muriel Masfield giving us, in "Peacocks and Primroses" (Geoffrey Bles; 21s.), a survey of the whole strange gamut. The novels exhibit Disraeli's exotic and contradictory nature much better than any study of his political career can ever exhibit it. They contain much, it is true, of political statement and principle, but even more of that flamboyance, now adapting itself severely to the taste of the *beau monde*, now soaring into exotic romance of purely Eastern splendour. Miss Masfield is singularly gifted for her difficult task. She can describe the plot of a novel minutely without dropping for a moment into second-hand tedium, and she can sketch-in the essential background to the political or autobiographical passages without losing her thread.

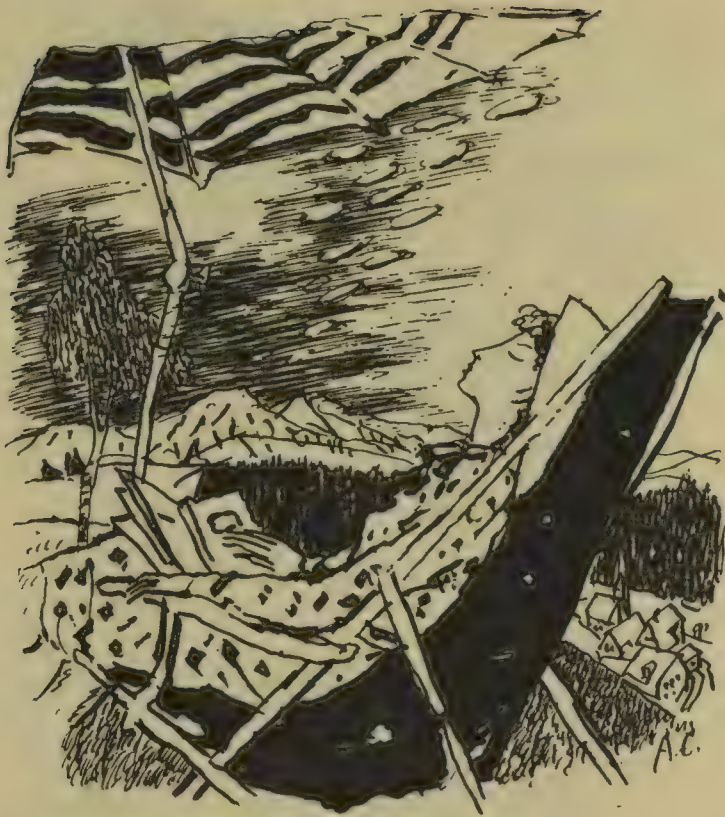
It is no very long step from Disraeli to the monarchy he so luxuriantly worshipped, and among the many works now appearing which tell us the story of the Coronation ceremony a high place must be assigned to "The Crowning of the Sovereign," by Jocelyn Perkins, Sacrist of Westminster Abbey (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). Dr. Perkins is well read in historical sources and knows how to use them with what our grandfathers would have called "curiosity." The "Honours of England," as the Crown Jewels should be called, were destroyed in 1649 by the greedy iconoclasts of the Commonwealth, and it is fascinating to read the inventory of them, including such a moving little passage as this: "Queen Edith's crowne, formerly thought to be of massy gould, but upon triall found to be of silver gilt . . ."; and "One crimson robe, very old, valued at 10s." Dr. Perkins' last chapter, "Impressions and Experiences," collects some contemporary accounts of Coronation scenes and ceremonies admirably told by onlookers.

I am no expert in silver craftsmanship, but one does not have to know one's distinguishing marks to appreciate Mr. Grimwade's beautifully illustrated description of "The Queen's Silver" (*The Connoisseur*; 21s.).

This is another of those fine productions of which I have mentioned a number in this column lately—binding, paper, typography and photographs all of a conspicuously high standard—which are making Coronation Year so outstanding an event in the British publishing world. Incidentally, Mr. Grimwade is severe on the "journalistic" use of the phrase "gold plate"—much of which will be found "upon triall" to provide the same disappointment as Queen Edith's "crowne"! Beautiful as are some of the French and Italian examples illustrated from her Majesty's collection, I was glad to find that our native work was even more satisfying. May this book help to provide the stimulus and encouragement which, I understand, our craftsmen so badly need in these difficult times.

Fully as lavish, and a good deal wider in its scope, is Sah Oved's "The Book of Necklaces" (Arthur Barker; 30s.). This is a very curious book, which makes queer but arresting reading in places. The earliest illustrated necklace is dated (roughly) 23,000-18,000 B.C. I should like to have been able to comment that it was exactly like that which might have attracted my wife in the Rue de la Paix a month or two ago. But no—it is quite, quite different!

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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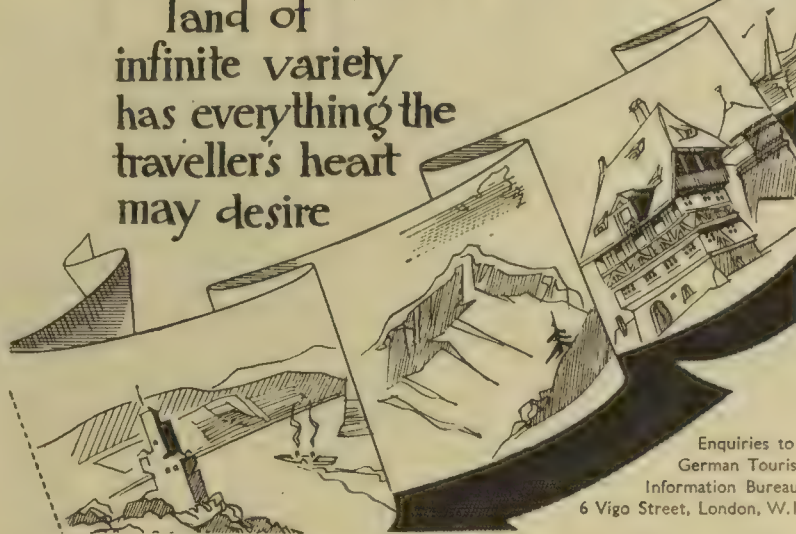
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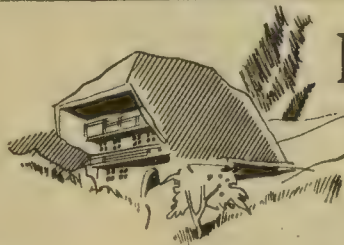
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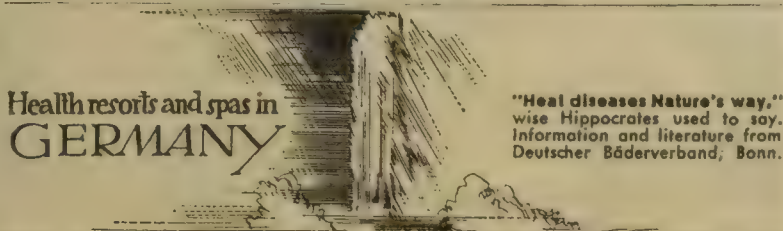
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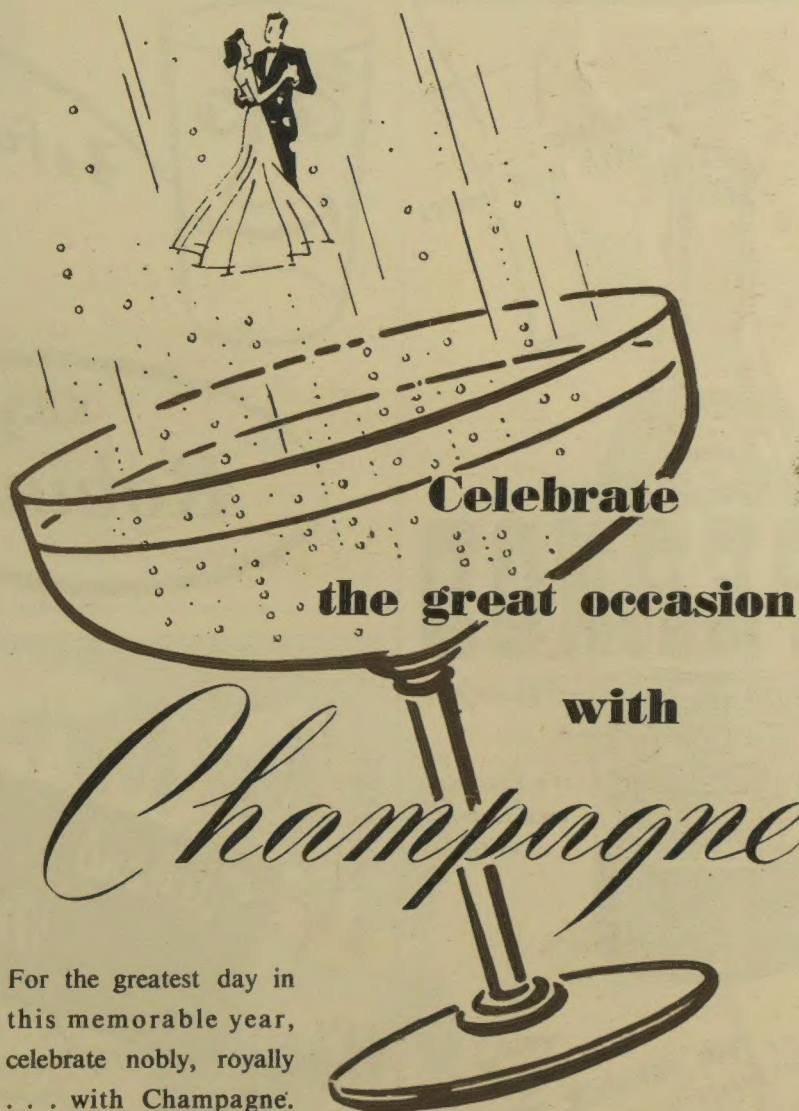


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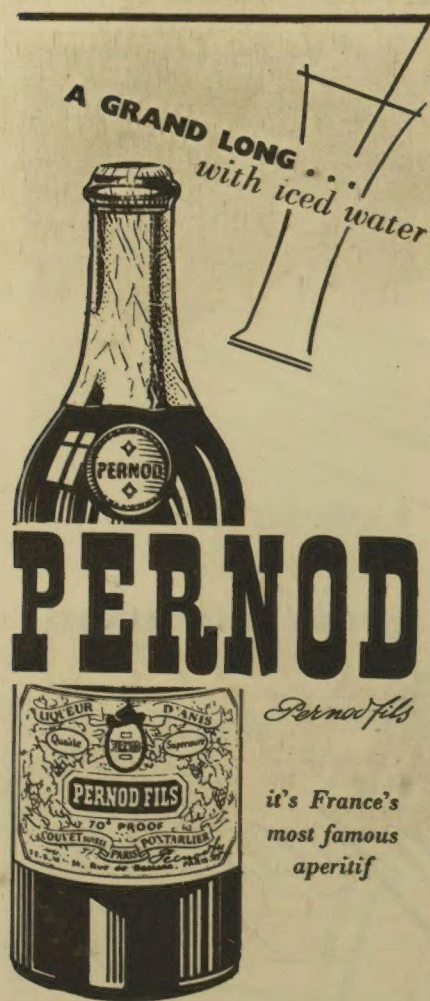
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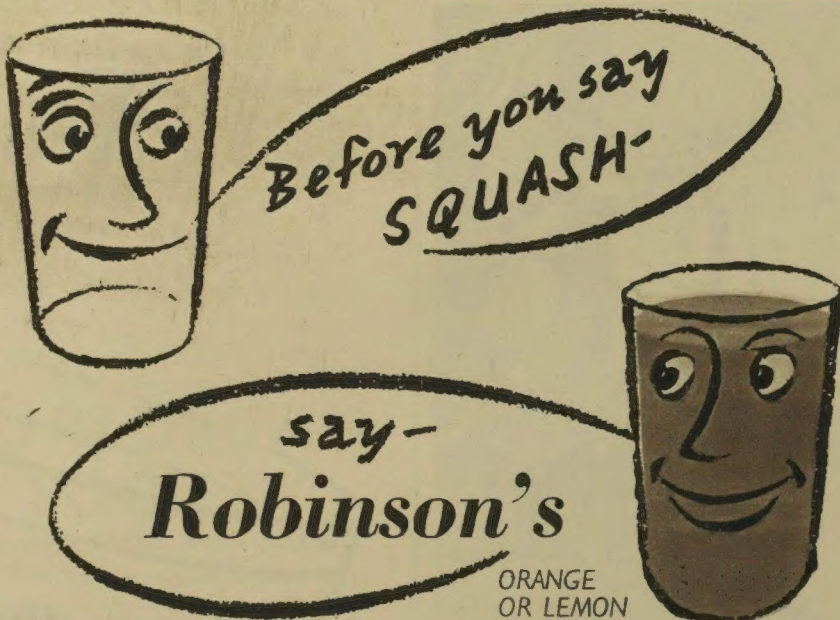
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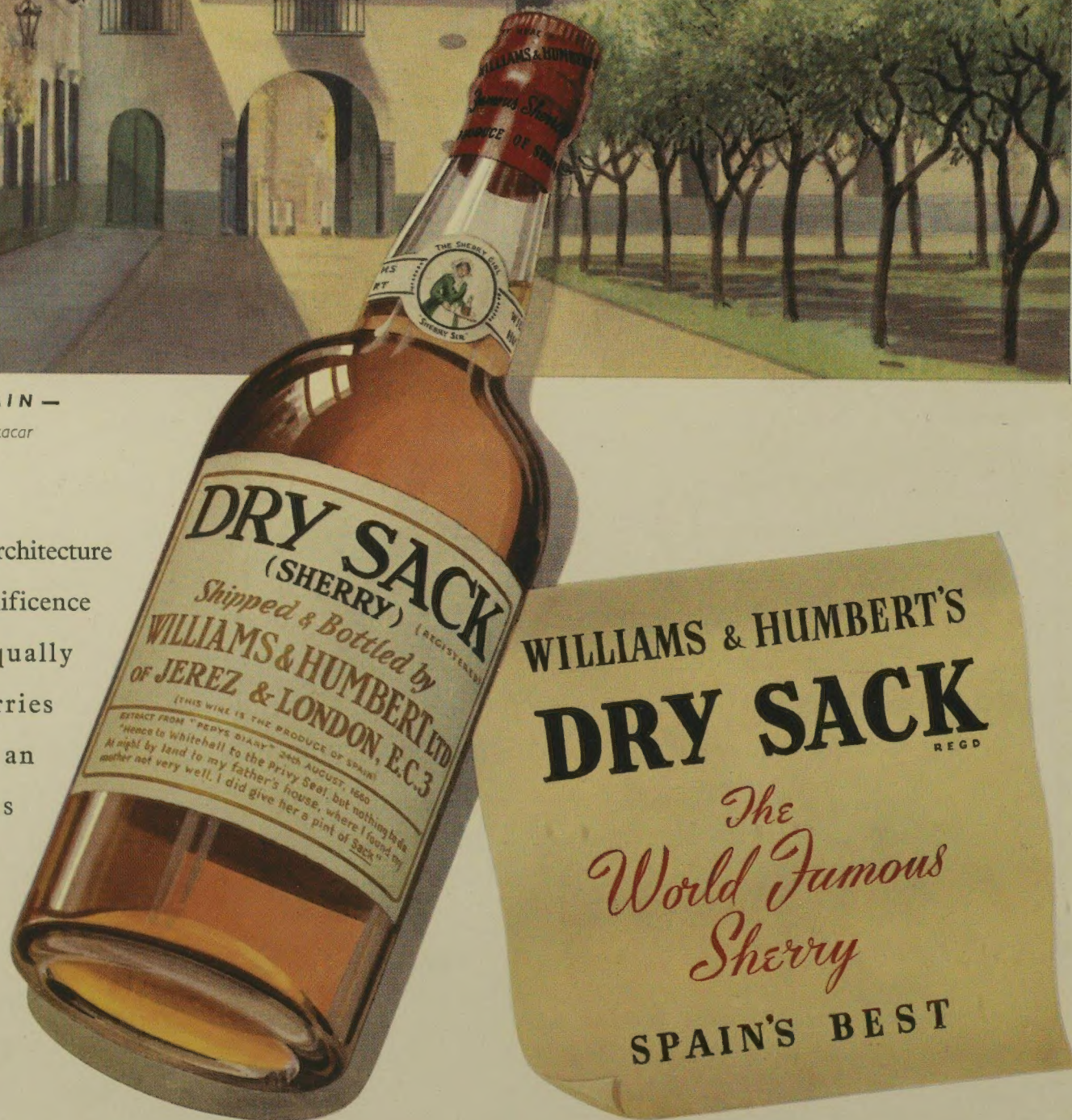
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